Aug. 2. 1941

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

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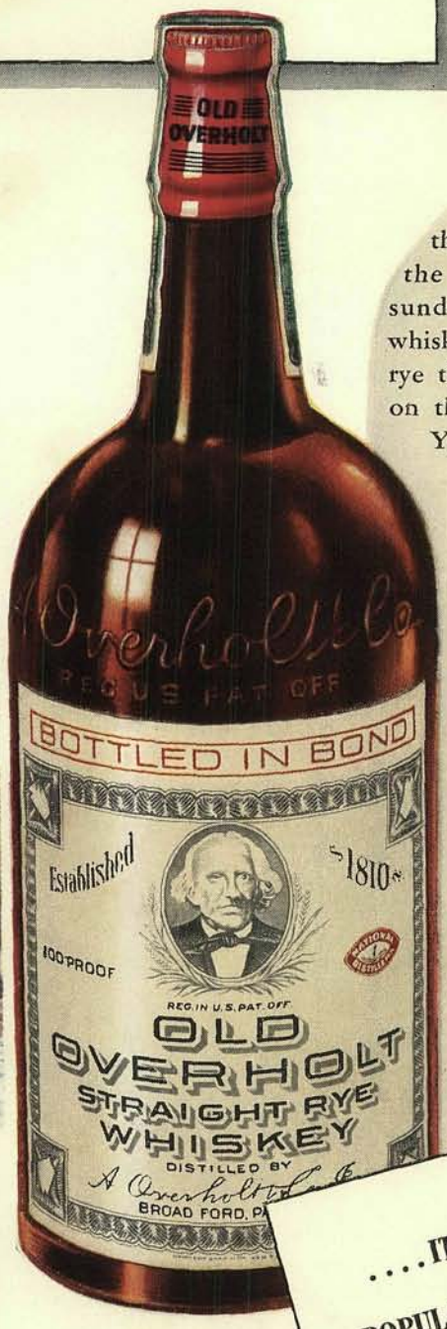
taste tells! 1810

IT FOUNDED THE FAME OF PENNSYLVANIA RYE

THE BLUE ANCHOR INN
where William Penn ate his first meal in the colony he founded. Here, as in other famous Pennsylvania taverns, Old Overholt was served when the republic was young.



In the early days of our republic, the hardy settlers of western Pennsylvania made their own whiskey. But one of these many pioneer whiskies was so outstanding in character and richness that men often rode through the wilderness from sunup to sundown to get a jug of it. That whiskey was the fine, full-bodied rye that Abraham Overholt distilled on the mist-shrouded banks of the Youghiogheny . . . . a whiskey so rare in flavor that it was destined to establish Pennsylvania rye as one of the world's choicest liquors. With the passing years, the fame of Old Overholt spread from tavern to tavern and from city to city as barrels of Old Overholt were freighted to the Atlantic seaboard by Conestoga wagons and shipped down the Ohio and the Mississippi on flatboats and stern-wheelers. Thus, as the country grew and prospered, so grew the prestige and popularity of this magnificent Pennsylvania rye until

. . . . IT IS TODAY AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY

taste tells! 1941

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE—Admirers of William Saroyan will probably love the Webster family, who suffer about equally from mice and whimsy; others had better stay home. Eugene Loring, Betsy Blair, and Curtis Cooksey are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Eves. at 8:50. Mat. 2:50. Sat. Closes Sat., Aug. 2.)

CLAUDIA—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted, in which Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring and Thelma Schnee. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and made them into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

SEPARATE ROOMS—An old-fashioned farce about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Agreeable enough in its childish way. The cast includes Alan Dinehart and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Lillian Hellman's story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis is probably the finest play of the year. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is superb. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

HELLZ-A-POPPIN—This free-for-all is rounding out its third season, with Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton now in the Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

IT HAPPENS ON ICE—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

PAL JOEY—*John O'Hara's New Yorker series* successfully transplanted to the stage with the assistance of Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, and George Abbott. Gene Kelly represents the perfect heel and Vivienne Segal is one of his little playmates. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

PANAMA HATTIE—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter's songs in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. With Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild presenting "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., July 31 and Aug. 2, 7, and 9, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 9. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

BRIDGEHAMPTON—"Fancy That": through Sat., Aug. 2. (Hampton Summer Theatre, Bridgehampton, L.I. 8:50.)

CAMBRIDGE—Anna Sten in "Smart Women": through Sat., Aug. 2. Ramon Novarro in "The Command to Love": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat.)

CAPE MAY—"You Can't Take It with You": through Sat., Aug. 2. "The Great Broxopp": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 5-9. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

CEDARHURST—Tallulah Bankhead in "Her Cardboard Lover": through Sat., Aug. 2. "George Washington Slept Here": Tues. through Sun., Aug. 5-10. (New Central Theatre, Cedarhurst, L.I. At 9. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

CHATHAM—"Co-Respondent Unknown": through Sat., Aug. 2. "Mr. and Mrs. North": Wed. through Sat., Aug. 6-9. (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

COHASSET—Ruth Chatterton in "Caprice": through Sat., Aug. 2. Grace George in "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (South Shore Players, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

DENNIS—Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones": through Sat., Aug. 2. Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in "Old Acquaintance": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

EAST HAMPTON—"The Yellow Jacket": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 1-2. (John Drew Memorial Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. At 9.)

FITCHBURG—Ann Corio in "The Barker": through Sat., Aug. 2. (Lake Whalom Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Sat.)

GLEN ROCK—Beverly Roberts, Nicholas Joy, and John Craven in "The Philadelphia Story": through Sat., Aug. 2. Elsa Maxwell in "Our Betters": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Glen Rock Playhouse, Glen Rock, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

GLOUCESTER—Buddy Ebsen in "The Male Animal": through Sat., Aug. 2. Fritzi Scheff and Eric Linden in "Ladies in Retirement": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

GOSHEN—"Three Men on a Horse": through Sun., Aug. 3. "The Pursuit of Happiness": Tues. through Sun., Aug. 5-10. (Community Playhouse, Goshen, N.Y. 8:45.)

GREAT NECK—"Lady of Letters": through Sat., Aug. 2. (Chapel Theatre, Great Neck, L.I. At 9.)

GUILFORD—"Burlesque": through Sat., Aug. 2. Michael Whalen in "Separate Rooms": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

IVORYTON—Sally Rand in "Personal Appearance": through Sat., Aug. 2. "The Man Who Came to Dinner": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—"Penrod": through Sat., Aug. 2. "Mister Antonio": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (New Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Me. 8:30.)

LITCHFIELD—"Hay Fever": through Sat., Aug. 2. "Craig's Wife": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 5-9. (Apple Orchard Theatre, Litchfield, Conn. 8:45.)

LOCUST VALLEY—"Room Service": through Sat., Aug. 2. "Tovarich": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. At 9.)

MAPLEWOOD—Canada Lee in "Native Son": through Sat., Aug. 2. Claudia Morgan, Clifton Webb, and Doris Nolan in "The Man Who Came to Dinner": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MARBLEHEAD—Buster Keaton in "The Gorilla": through Sat., Aug. 2. Henry Hull in "Dear Brutus": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Tom Powers in "Rip Van Winkle": through Sat., Aug. 2. (Playhouse, East Chop, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30.)

MATUNUCK—Francis Lederer in "The Pursuit of Happiness": through Sat., Aug. 2. Ann Corio and William Harrigan in "The Barker": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

MILLBURN—Charles Butterworth in "Western Union, Please": through Sat., Aug. 2. "The Mikado": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

MT. KISCO—"The Little Foxes": through Sat., Aug. 2. "Mr. and Mrs. North": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40.)

NEW HOPE—George S. Kaufman, Moss Hart, and Harpo Marx in "The Man Who Came to Dinner": through Sat., Aug. 2. Katherine Locke in "Primrose Path": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; special Mats. Thurs. and Fri., July 31-Aug. 1.)

NEW MILFORD—"He Takes It in His Stride": through Sat., Aug. 2. "Under the Gaslight": Wed. through Sat., Aug. 6-9. (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. 8:45.)

NEWPORT—Karen Morley in "The Circle": through Sat., Aug. 2. Erin O'Brien-Moore in "The Little Foxes": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 5-9. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. Eves. at 9; other Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

OGUNQUIT—Fritzi Scheff in "Ladies in Retirement": through Sat., Aug. 2. Conrad Nagel in "The Male Animal": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Fri.)

PAWLING—Elissa Landi in "The Shining Hour": through Sun., Aug. 3. Anna Sten in "Nancy's Private Affair": Tues. through Sun., Aug. 5-10. (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. 8:30. Mats. at 3, Thurs. and Sat.)

PETERBOROUGH—"Charley's Aunt": through Sat., Aug. 2, and Wed. through Sat., Aug. 6-9. (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. 8:40.)

PROVINCETOWN—"East Lynne": through Sat., Aug. 2. "Squaring the Circle": Mon. through Wed., Aug. 4-6. "The Vortex": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 7-9. (Artists Theatre, Provincetown, Mass. 8:30.)

ROSLYN—"Dracula": through Sat., Aug. 2. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. 8:50.)

RYE BEACH—"The Youngest": through Sat., Aug. 2. "The Little Foxes": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 5-9. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Haila Stoddard in "Mr. and Mrs. North": through Sun., Aug. 3. C. Aubrey Smith in "Old English": Tues. through Sun., Aug. 5-10. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. At 9. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sun.)

SAYVILLE—"Mr. and Mrs. North": through Sat., Aug. 2. "Meet the Wife": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 5-9. (Sayville Playhouse, Sayville, L.I. 8:45.)

SKOWHEGAN—"Old Acquaintance": through Sat., Aug. 2. "Ladies in Retirement": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. At 8. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in "Old Acquaintance": through Sat., Aug. 2. Tallulah Bankhead in "Her Cardboard Lover": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.; special Mat. Sat., Aug. 2.)

STONY CREEK—"Angela is Twenty-two": through Sat., Aug. 2. "Love like Wildfire," a new play by Richard Hepburn: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Stony Creek Theatre, Stony Creek, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

SUFFERN—Margaret Webster, Mildred Natwick, and Joanna Roos in "Ladies in Retirement": through

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE CURRENT CINEMA	41
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
POPULAR RECORDS	45
OF ALL THINGS	28
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	30
THE RACE TRACK	29
A REPORTER IN ENGLAND	35
RESTAURANTS	42
THE TENNIS COURTS	32

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Sat., Aug. 2. Florence MacMichael in "Out of the Frying Pan": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:40.)

Westboro—Ramon Novarro in "Tovarich": through Sat., Aug. 2. "Out of the Frying Pan": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Westport—Constance Collier, Violet Heming, and Gloria Stuart in "Curtain Going Up!": through Sat., Aug. 2. Ilka Chase and Dennis King in "Love in Our Time": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

White Plains—Mary Boland in "Meet the Wife": through Sat., Aug. 2. Diana Barrymore in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Woodstock—"Mademoiselle": through Sun., Aug. 3. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a nice under-the-greenwood air all the same. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Bob Knight's orchestra plays for dancing in this pleasant if not overly spacious room.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras on hand to help you relax.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—A new and fine solution to that summer-evening-in-town problem. John Kirby's orchestra is not the least of its assets.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Way, way up there, you'll find a show which includes table-tennis exhibitions by Ruth Aarons and Sandor Glanz and magic by Russell Swann. Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof is currently offering Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Howard Lally's orchestra plays for dancing in the Café Lounge.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The airy Starlight Roof has a show more or less run by Xavier Cugat, hitherto a rumba specialist, who now plays for all kinds of dancing.

Miscellaneous—At **Le Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Joseph C. Smith's orchestra. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy is on vacation for a while, but Betty Bryant continues to sing nostalgic songs, and Billy Haywood and Cliff Allen supply plenty of swing. . . . **Café Society Uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing, with such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, Kenneth Spencer, and Eddie South's orchestra. . . . **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. . . . **Astor Roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Will Bradley's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **Biltmore Roof**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . **Bossert Marine Roof**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor goes a long way toward making up for it; Bobby Parks' orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **Bill's Gay Nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but likable. No dancing. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you may find the Calypso singers diverting. . . . **Jimmy Kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **Havana-Madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **18 Club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **Diamond Horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Nita Naldi, Lila Lee, and Joe E. Howard are all in the Billy Rose Show.

Mostly for Music—At **Café Society Downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Helena Horne and Art Tatum. Teddy Wilson's band will replace Red Allen's on Tues., Aug. 5. Closed Mon. . . . **Jimmy Ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton with his drums and his trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **Castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **Polish Restaurant**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Latin: **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

Al-Fresco—A couple of places where the dance floor is practically out under the trees: **Tavern-on-the-Green**, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954), and **Claremont Inn**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Marden's **Riviera**, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Pancho's orchestra and a show. . . . **Westchester Bath Club**, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **Glen Island Casino**, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-4480): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **Boardwalk Café**, Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): the McFarland Twins' orchestra will replace Guy Lombardo's on Fri., Aug. 1. . . . **Chanticler**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra. . . . **Meadowbrook**, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Sonny Dunham's orchestra. Closed Mon.

Further Out of Town—At **Canoe Place Inn**, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **New Prospect Hotel**, Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): a small orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **Seven Ponds Inn**, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): Cyril Mansfield's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **Monmouth Hotel**, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . **Perona Farm**, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **Ross Fenton Farm**, Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . **Sea Bright Yacht Club**, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Charlie Murray's orchestra. . . . **Arrowhead Inn**, Saratoga Springs: Ted Straeter's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show which includes Hildegarde and Georges and Jalna. . . . **Piping Rock**, Saratoga Springs: Emil Coleman's orchestra and a show with Adelaide Moffett and Joe E. Lewis.

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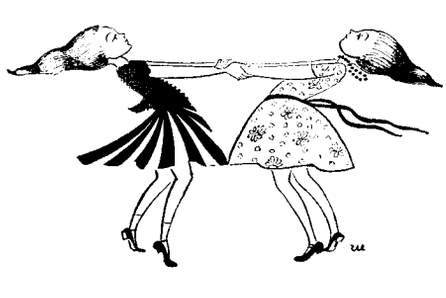
Dinner in the Country—Some agreeable objectives for summer motorists (dancing only when indicated)—**Bethpage**, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **Brookhaven**, L.I.: Brook House (Bellport 394). . . . **Hampton Bays**, L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . **Huntington**, L.I.: Dahlstrom's Green Tree Lodge (Huntington 1838). . . . **Lake Success**, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **Manhasset**, L.I.: Mori's (Manhasset 1842). . . . **Montauk**, L.I.: Gurney's Inn (Montauk Point 2345). . . . **Oakdale**, L.I.: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . **Smithtown**, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016), dancing nightly, except Mon. . . . **South Huntington**, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant (Huntington 1371). . . . **Stony Brook**, L.I.: Three Village Inn (Stony Brook 575). . . . **Syosset**, L.I.: Stockholm (Syosset 1749), dancing nightly, except Mon.; and Villa Victor (Syosset 1706). . . . **Westhampton**, L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . **Amawalk**, N.Y.: Benedusi's (Yorktown 984). . . . **Cold Spring**, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn (Cold Spring 975). . . . **Dover Plains**, N.Y.: Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **Garrison**, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 978). . . . **Hawthorne**, N.Y.: Valley View Farm Inn (Pleasantville 120). . . . **Mt. Kisco**, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **New City**, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981). . . . **Poundridge**, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371). . . . **Bridgewater**, Conn.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **Danbury**, Conn.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . **Lime Rock**, Conn.: Lime Rock Lodge (Lakeville 455). . . . **Norwalk**, Conn.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . **Redding Ridge**, Conn.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **Ridgefield**, Conn.: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882), dancing Sat. Eves.; and La Bretagne (Ridgefield 899). . . . **South Norwalk**, Conn.: Dorlon's Shore House (Norwalk 8-9898). . . . **Southport**, Conn.: Tide Mill Tavern (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **Westport**, Conn.: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330), dancing nightly, except Sun. and Mon.; and Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **Alpine**, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal (Closter 788). . . . **Bernardsville**, N.J.: Old Mill Inn (Bernardsville 70). . . . **Closter**, N.J.: Red Coach Tavern (Closter 606). . . . **Doylestown**, Pa.: Water Wheel Tavern (Doylestown 7941).



ART

Americans—At the **Fine Arts**, 215 W. 57: a big show, with eleven of the major galleries in the city represented by works of their artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 22. . . . **Rehn**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: annual summer show of oils and water colors. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 1. . . . **Associated American Artists'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: works by Curry, Grosz, Raphael Soyer, and other members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 29. . . . **Ferargil**, 63 E. 57: paintings by Bellows, Brook, Eilshemius, Henri, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 9.

European—Paintings, tapestries, and sculptures, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, with the paintings holding most of the interest: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

French—Several nice Vlamincks in an exhibition that ranges from Signac to Di Chirico: French Art, 51 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 1.

Groups—At the **Lilienfeld**, 21 E. 57: a curiously unfinished Cézanne heads a number of works by Werner Drewes, Chagall, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Aug. 29. . . . **Contemporary Arts**, 38 W. 57: paintings of the Hudson River by several artists, including Harold Baumbach and John C. Pellew. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 29. . . . **Macbeth**, 11 E. 57: attractive oils by Herman Maril and Joseph De Martini, among others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 29. . . . **Passedoit**, 121 E. 57: paintings by J. M. Hanson, Dantan Sawyer, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 1. . . . **Midtown**, 605 Madison, at 58: a retrospective showing of paintings, sculptures, and water colors by members of the gallery's group. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 1. . . . **Kleemann**, 38 E. 57: group show of oils, water colors, and etchings. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 29. . . . **American British Art Center**, 44 W. 56: paintings by British and American artists and recent photographs of London by Cecil Beaton. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 22.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A large exhibit of etchings, dry points, and lithographs by Whistler, from the Museum's permanent collection (through Sept. 30); also, paintings and sculptures by members of the WPA Art Project (through Sept. 1). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—"Britain at War," an exhibition of posters, cartoons, photographs, and paintings, showing what English artists are doing (through Sept. 14); also, twenty-four Picassos (through Sept. 7). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

Sculpture—Garden pieces by Paul Manship, Wheeler Williams, and Edward McCartan: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 29.

Stuart—An exhibit of eight portraits, mostly of American subjects: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 29.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Steinberg conducting, through Mon., Aug. 4; Herman Adler conducting, Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 5-7; Smallens conducting, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 8-9. Highlights: Heifetz, July 31; Dorfmann, Aug. 2; Barrère, Corigliano, Bauer, Webster, and others, Aug. 4; Traubel, Aug. 6; Larry Adler, Aug. 9. (At 8:30. Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. AU 3-3400. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534.)

Goldman Band—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

Opera—The Triboro Stadium Civic Opera Company in "La Traviata." Sun. Eve., Aug. 3, at 8:30. (Triboro Stadium, Randalls Island. For tickets, call BR 9-1000.)

Out of Town—The **Berkshire Symphonic Festival**, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting: Tanglewood, Route 183, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass., Thurs. and Sat. Eves., July 31, Aug. 2, 7, and 9, at 8:30, and Sun. Aft., Aug. 3, at 3:30. . . . **Bennington Festival**, College Theatre, Bennington, Vt.: Ralph Kirkpatrick, Sat. Aft., Aug. 9, at 4; Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman and their group, Sat. Eve., Aug. 9, at 9. . . . **Dance Festival**, Jacob's Pillow, Lee, Mass.: Irina Baronova and Anton Dolin, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Aug. 1-2, at 5. . . . **Colony Opera Guild**, presenting "The Secret of Suzanne" and Act III of "Werther." Fri. Eve., Aug. 1; "Così fan tutte," Fri. Eve., Aug. 8, at 8:45: Wikiosco Barn Theatre, Bolton Rd., Lake George. . . . **Gordon String Quartet**: Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . **Maverick Chamber Music Society**: Concert Hall, Woodstock, N.Y., Sun. Afts. at 4; also the Maverick Chorus, Thurs. Eve., Aug. 7, at 8:30.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

. . . SOUTH MOUNTAIN STRING QUARTET: Pittsfield, Mass., Fri. Afts. at 4. . . . KOLISCH STRING QUARTET: Music and Art Center, Essex Fells, N.J., Sun. Afts. at 4.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs. Aft., July 31, at 3; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. Aft., Aug. 1, at 3, Sat. Aft., Aug. 2, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., Aug. 3, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Wed. Eve., Aug. 6, at 8:45; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., Aug. 8, at 3, and Sat. Aft., Aug. 9, at 2:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Mon. Eve., Aug. 4, at 8:45; Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., Aug. 8, at 3, and Sat. Aft., Aug. 9, at 2:30.

DOG SHOWS—Lackawanna Kennel Club, Mt. Pocono, Pa., Sat., Aug. 2, at 10 A.M. . . . Lake Mohawk Kennel Club, Sparta, N.J., Sun., Aug. 3, at 10 A.M.

GOLF—Invitation Tournament, Briar Hills G.C., Briarcliff Manor, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 1-3, at 9:30 A.M. . . . Anderson Memorial Invitation Tournament, Winged Foot G.C., Mamaroneck, Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 7-10, at 9 A.M.

HORSE SHOWS—Jersey Shore, Spring Lake, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 1-2, at 2 and 8 P.M., and Sun., Aug. 3, at 2 P.M. . . . Litchfield, Conn., Sat., Aug. 9, at 9 A.M.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club, Westbury: National Twenty-Goal Tournaments, Thurs. Aft., July 31, at 5:30, and Sun. Aft., Aug. 3, at 4. . . . High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Saratoga Springs, at 2:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. (The United States Hotel Stakes and the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, Aug. 2; the Saratoga Sales Stakes, Aug. 5.) *The Saturday Special leaves Grand Central at* 9:30 A.M., arriving at Saratoga at 1:30 P.M.

TENNIS—Women's Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, daily through Sat., Aug. 2, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Men's Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, daily through Sat., Aug. 2, at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. . . . Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, Sat. through Fri., Aug. 2-8, at 11 A.M., and Sat. and Sun., Aug. 9-10, *at 1:30* P.M.

TROTTING—Grand Circuit, Goshen, N.Y., at 1:30 P.M.: Historic Track, daily through Sat., Aug. 2; Good Time Park, Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. (The Hambletonian, Aug. 6.)

YACHTING—Overnight race, Huntington Y.C., Sat., Aug. 2. . . . Marblehead Race Week, Marblehead, Mass., Sat., Aug. 2, through Sat., Aug. 9. . . . American Y.C. annual cruise, Rye to Block Island, Sat. through Fri., Aug. 2-8. . . . Long Island Sound Junior and Midget Championships, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Mon. through Wed., Aug. 4-6. . . . Cruising Club of America cruise, starting from Essex, Conn., on Sun., Aug. 3. . . . Championship series on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Stamford Y.C., Sat., Aug. 2; Port Washington Y.C., Sat., Aug. 9.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBIT—An air-raid shelter, anti-aircraft guns, parts of British planes, and similar combat equipment from abroad are being shown at the Museum of Science and Industry, Rockefeller Center. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

PLANETARIUM—"Summer Stars over New York" is the title of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

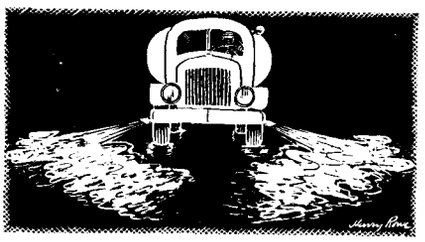
FANTASIA—Disney, along with Stokowski and his symphony orchestra, Deems Taylor, special sound effects, and all—still weathering the seasons. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra showing Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

KUKAN—Rey Scott's travelogue of China: the Burma Road and so on, and especially the bombing of Chungking. (World, 153 W. 49.)

LOVE CRAZY—Dippy little business, with Myrna Loy and William Powell, about marriage, schizophrenia, and other forms of lunacy. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Aug. 4. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 5-7. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Aug. 5-9. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Wed., Aug. 6.)

MAN HUNT—Berchtesgaden and London, spies and sportsmen, and a great deal of activity in general. With Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sun., Aug. 3. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 3-4. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 3-5. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 5-6.)

OUT OF THE FOG—From Irwin Shaw's "The Gentle People," the drama of Sheepshead Bay and racketeers. With Ida Lupino and John Garfield, and expertly transferred to the screen. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., July 31. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Aug. 1. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Tues., Aug. 5. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 2-4.)



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 9. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

POT O' GOLD—Paulette Goddard and James Stewart, mild comedy and a pinch of music, all on the easy, agreeable side. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Aug. 2. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 4-6.)

THE RELUCTANT DRAGON—Another full-length Disney film, which has its high moments of delightful fantasy, and some quite long stretches of studio life which are not so fanciful, perhaps. Robert Benchley is among those in the cast. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Aug. 6.)

SERGEANT YORK—Of the Tennessee mountain boy who won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the last war, where he came from, and how it happened. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra showings Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—A soothing Technicolor reconstruction of the Harold Bell Wright novel, with a fine cast that includes Betty Field, James Barton, Harry Carey, and Marjorie Main. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY—A delightful comic item which makes no sense at all, except to display Ginger Rogers in a pretty mood. Escorts: George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshall. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Aug. 6.)

UNDERGROUND—Savage sketch of German life now, with the Gestapo at its worst. With Jeffrey Lynn and Philip Dorn. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 6-7.)

THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT—Humphrey Bogart's current melodrama of circus life, with lions, and also with Sylvia Sidney. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Aug. 1.)

A WOMAN'S FACE—Drama, grim drama, with Joan Crawford as a heroine scarred and deformed. Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt are also involved, but without scars. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 5-7. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 6-7.)

ZIEGFELD GIRL—Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart in an extravaganza of the days of the great Flo. It has its interest. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Aug. 2. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 2-4. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Aug. 4-5.)

REVIVALS

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Sat., Aug. 6-9.)

ESCAPE ME NEVER (1935)—Elisabeth Bergner in her Broadway success. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Aug. 2.)

FOUR FEATHERS (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, with Technicolor. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 6-8.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 3-5.)

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD (1939)—With Claudette Colbert, as a funny poet, and James Stewart. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 3-5.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—The Hilton story, with Ronald Colman and Margo. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Sat., Aug. 6-9.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant in the Philip Barry piece. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Aug. 2.)

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (1938)—Edward G. Robinson burlesquing the underworld. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Aug. 1.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Aug. 1.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 2-5.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—The Clare Boothe play. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Aug. 2.)

YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE (1937)—Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney as a fugitive jailbird and his girl. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 6-7.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early American, British, and European films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule: THURS., JULY 31: "Male and Female" (1919), with Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, and Gloria Swanson. FRI. AND SAT., AUG. 1-2: "Blind Husbands" (1919), with Erich von Stroheim. SUN. AND MON., AUG. 3-4: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and other German films (1896-1920). TUES. AND WED., AUG. 5-6: "The Toll Gate" (1920), *with Anna Q. Nilsson.* . . . A series of reticent and brief sketches of current life in England is presented every Wed. at 6:30 and 8:30 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

BOXING—Buddy Baer vs. Abe Simon, Madison Square Garden, Sept. 5.

DOG SHOWS—North Shore Kennel Club, Hamilton, Mass., Aug. 23. . . . Lenox Kennel Club, Lenox, Mass., Aug. 30. . . . Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, Sept. 6. . . . Westchester Kennel Club, Rye, Sept. 7. . . . Somerset Hills Kennel Club, Far Hills, N.J., Sept. 13. . . . Suffolk County Kennel Club, Huntington, Sept. 14. . . . Ox Ridge Kennel Club, Darien, Sept. 27. . . . Westbury Kennel Association, Westbury, Sept. 28.

FOOTBALL—Eastern College All Stars vs. New York Giants, Polo Grounds, Sept. 3.

GOLF—Sectional qualifying rounds for the National Amateur, Deepdale G.C., Great Neck, Aug. 14. . . . Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, Aug. 15-17. . . . Metropolitan Junior, Bonnie Briar C.C., Larchmont, Aug. 20-22. . . . National Amateur, Omaha, Aug. 25-30. . . . Westchester Open, Apawamis Club, Rye, Aug. 26-27. . . . Long Island Father-Son and Junior Championships, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, Aug. 27-30. . . . Women's National Amateur, Country Club, Brookline, Mass., Sept. 8-13. . . . New Jersey Open, Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, Sept. 25-27.

HORSE SHOWS—Cohasset, Mass., Aug. 21-23. . . . Riding Club, East Hampton, L.I., Aug. 23. . . . Rhinebeck-Dutchess County, Rhinebeck, Aug. 27-28. . . . Smithtown, L.I., Aug. 30. . . . Helping Hand, Old Westbury, Sept. 6. . . . Lawrence Farms Hunt Club, Mt. Kisco, Sept. 14. . . . North Shore, Stony Brook, L.I., Sept. 24-27. . . . Montclair, West Orange, Sept. 26-27. . . . Brookville, L.I., Sept. 28.

HUNT RACES—Foxcatcher Hounds, Fair Hill, Md., Sept. 6. . . . Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Flourtown, Pa., Sept. 20. . . . Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, Westbury, Sept. 27.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club, Westbury: National Open, starting Sept. 6 (tentative); Monty Waterbury Cup, Sept. 13.

RACING—Aqueduct, Sept. 1-17. . . . Belmont Park, Sept. 18-Oct. 4. . . . Narragansett Park, Aug. 11-Sept. 20. . . . Havre de Grace, Sept. 13-27.

SPEEDBOATS—National Sweepstakes Regatta and the Gold Cup Race, Red Bank, N.J., Aug. 16-17.

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Newport Casino, Newport, Aug. 11-16. . . . National Doubles, Longwood C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass., Aug. 18-24. . . . National Singles, West Side T.C., Forest Hills, Aug. 30-Sept. 6.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled for early fall: "Mr. Wookey," a play by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, with Edmund Gwenn and Carol Goodner, produced by Edgar Selwyn; "Village Green," a comedy by Carl Allensworth, with Frank Craven; "The Great Whitewash," a farce by Frank Gabrielson and Irvin Pincus, with J. C. Nugent, Keenan Wynn, and Teddy Hart, produced by Otto L. Preminger and Norman Pincus; "Women Aren't Angels," a farce by Vernon Sylvaine, with Bobby Clark and A. P. Kaye; "Mr. Big," a mystery melodrama by Arthur Sheekman and Margaret Shane, produced by George S. Kaufman; "Young Man's Fancy," a musical comedy by John Cecil Holm, Hugh Martin, and Ralph Blane, with Rosemary Lane, and produced by George Abbott.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, Aug. 11-Sept. 13.

YACHTING—Cornfield Lightship and Stratford Shoals Races, City Island Y.C., Aug. 16. . . . Star Class World's Championship, Los Angeles, Aug. 17-24. . . . Race Week, New Bedford Y.C., Aug. 19-21. . . . Bar Harbor Y.C. Regatta, Aug. 21-22. . . . Sears Cup, Eastern Y.C., Marblehead, Mass., Aug. 25-28. . . . Vineyard Race, Stamford Y.C., Aug. 29. . . . National Lightning Championships, Skaneateles Y.C., Sept. 5-6. . . . Adams Cup, American Y.C., Rye, Sept. 3-5. . . . Championships on the Sound: Huguenot Y.C., Aug. 16; Riverside Y.C., Aug. 23; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Aug. 30; Larchmont Y.C., Sept. 1; Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sept. 6; Indian Harbor Y.C., Sept. 13; American Y.C., Sept. 20; Echo Bay Y.C., Sept. 27.

OTHER DATES—Harvest Moon Ball, Madison Square Garden, Aug. 27. . . . Mineola Fair, Mineola, Sept. 9-13. . . . New York County Fair, Madison Square Garden, Sept. 10-20. . . . Police Show, Madison Square Garden, Sept. 24-27. . . . Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due Sept. 15.

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Actual photograph of tobacco hanging inside curing barn. Ray Oglesby inspects a leaf of ripe, light tobacco, golden mild.

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THE NEW YORKER

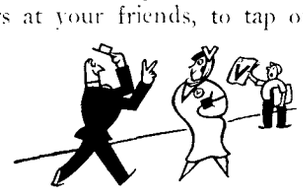
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN a new or unfamiliar bank teller in your own bank looks at you with a frown and informs you by his gaze that he not only doesn't know you but is fairly certain you are that cheap forger he is supposed to keep an eye out for, you feel bad, very bad. No matter how satisfactorily you may be able to identify yourself, no matter how

nonchalantly you may nod to the known teller in the next window and mention his name, there will be a horrid moment or two, at the least, when you are bothered by the memory of the time you hooked the two-bit piece from Mother's purse. There is a good chance that you will go about for the rest of the day with a hangdog look, unequipped to cope with whatever you want to cope with. We hold this to be a universal experience in which is wrapped the kernel of mankind's incertitude, the consciousness of guilt that ever gnaws the human heart and makes the going tougher. From the general spot mankind is on in this respect we can suggest no escape, but from this particular one we are fortunately able to offer this week an infallible dodge, tried and tested, free for all. When the hostile teller starts to gaze at you that way, you just look at him and say evenly, "Sorry, but I'm afraid I don't know you." He is sure to slide down off his stool and slip away in a craven manner to find somebody who will introduce him to you, his poor soul darkened, obviously, by the recollection of the time he borrowed the five from his cash drawer until Friday.

V STOOD for Victory last week in the occupied but not altogether conquered countries of Europe, and we are very much afraid that in this free and often easy country P stood for Presumptuousness. This, we feel, is a domestic affair which may fittingly be discussed in public, presumptuousness being a word that suggests immaturity rather than ill-breeding, bad judgment rather than black heart. V stood for Victory where men and women were not in a position to utter the whole word out loud, where people could do nothing more aggressive than try surreptitiously to let the invader know that their spirits, at least, were unconquerable. V stood for Victory where a man painting it on a wall at midnight might easily have been whipped or shot if caught. But one continent's brave symbolism all too readily became another's silly faddism. It was "smart," our newspapers said, to wear the V badges, to wave the two fingers at your friends, to tap out the



Morse code for V in restaurants and cafés. One paper mentioned that a singer who nightly appears at the Rainbow Room made an impression at a fashionable luncheon joint by wearing "a black velvet heart-shaped hat, a V of the pins holding in place voluminous purple veiling." *PM* came out flat-footed and printed a handsome V on its front page, urging its readers to "cut it out and paste it on the window of your home or on your motor car." Where that sort of thing was going on, V stood for Vulgarization.

To put as fine a point on this minor matter as we are able to do, we have felt for some time, without knowing how to feel about a great many major matters, that this country has been developing an unseemly inclination to pat itself on the back for being at war without, however, making war. Now comes this impulse to claim our share of the very desperation of the warring nations, to make as if we are sorely tried but by no means downhearted, to pretend that our thumbs, too, are up, that we're as uncowed and as irrepressible, by heck, as any Frenchman or Belgian or Greek. Maybe we had better just accept the galling fact that the V-for-Victory idea, like champagne, is one thing on the continent of Europe and another thing on this one. Our sympathy with the idea is understandable; our participation in it at this juncture is as constructive as was our participation in that sign-language game called Handies which swept over us only a few years ago, leaving hundreds of thousands somewhat further cracked in the head than they had ever been before.

A PAINSTAKING friend of ours, who, until we ran into him at a midtown bar recently, had always felt that a fact was more beautiful than a tree and certainly more worthwhile, took out of his pocket and delivered to us on that occasion a factual analysis of what might be called the sustenance section of William L. Shirer's "Berlin Diary." In reading the book, he had carefully copied down everything Mr. Shirer had said about food and drink and had ended up with no fewer than fifty-eight excerpts, such as "A riotous

dinner John [Gunther] gave—much vodka, smoked salmon, and talk" (page 178) and "Found a neat little restaurant in the woods which produced a surprisingly good steak" (page 396). We were able to assure him that this evident preoccupation with tables one sits at rather than works at is nothing out of the way in contemporary literature, and that the Poe's Cottages of the future will in all probability be roped-off banquettes

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in the Fifties. Letters, we told him, have been drifting away from the study or den and deeper and deeper into the café or night club. Graciously accepting a second aperitif, we informed him further that a high-toned café right here in New York has as one of its junior majordomos a man who makes a hobby of collecting the original manuscripts of living authors and that this man had once told us, in a burst of confidence, that a great many of these papers, including some Hemingways and some Sheeans, seemed to have a little rancid butter on their backs. Disheartened, our friend went off to dine alone and al fresco, where he could presumably take a second gander at some trees.

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CONVERSATIONAL fragment from the Times Square shuttle: "He's never had any experience, but they drafted him anyway."

In Darkest Jersey

OUR man Stanley has just completed a trek almost to the headwaters of the Morris Canal in Hagueland, and is back looking little the worse for his adventure. He was out to settle once and for all a report we had heard that a rowboat ferry service is still operating under a municipal franchise in Jersey City, involving, in all the connotations of that word, a certain number of commuters. It's true all right, and sometimes the rowboats are powered by a ferryman named Jake Anderson, who is eighty-three years old and spits on black cats when he sees them, and can reach them. The rowboats operate across the Morris Canal, which runs well into Jersey City, and people living on one side or the other of it take the boats at a cost of three cents and avoid a twenty-five-minute bus ride which costs ten cents.

Stanley arrived on the scene at an off hour in the afternoon and found the rowboats tied up at a wooden landing on the bank and the operating force sitting around in a wooden shack. There are four oarsmen—the elderly Jake Anderson, who owns the ferry; Jake's son, Sam; James Sheehy, a former truck-driver; and an irregular fellow named Oley. There is also a Chinaman, who seems to hang out in those parts selling various patent breakfast foods. Jake was making a purchase from the Chinaman as Stanley completed his march. "I want some this time that don't crackle and snap," he was saying. "I'm sick and damned tired of this crispy poppering. Makes me jumpy." On the recommendation of the Chinaman, Jake bought two packages of Puffed Rice, and then turned to Stanley. "What the hell do you want?" he asked. Stanley explained his mission and Jake said, "Don't see what you're bothering about it for. Ain't no other way to get across this stretch of water, so we row 'em across. Anything curious about that, young man?" The man named Oley looked at Stanley and inquired "Ain't I seen you out in Lincoln, Nebraska?" and, before Stanley replied, inquired further, "Ever done any time in jail?" Stanley replied with a double negative. A black cat came to the door and looked in, and Jake unhesitatingly spat on it. The cat left. "Always spit on a black cat and you'll keep your health," said Jake. "That Oley's been in so many jails he thinks everybody's been in 'em. What was you in for, Oley? Counterfeiting?" "I done plenty of time in jail but it wasn't for no counterfeiting," said Oley. "When was this ferry founded?" asked Stanley. Jake explained amiably that the ferry was founded in 1877 by an enterprising worker for the Central Railroad of New Jersey named Thomas A. Mills, who got the idea that he could save a lot of time for people who were on one side of the canal and wanted to get to the other. People in this predicament took to the idea immediately and the ferry has been working ever since. Jake went to work for Mills, and when Mills died in 1925 he bought the present equipment, which consists of a twenty-two-foot rowboat, with seats for thirty passengers, and an eighteen-foot boat that seats twenty. Of two hundred passengers a day, about thirty are Central Railroad commuters who leave their homes five mornings a week, take a train to the Jersey City Terminal, walk a few blocks, get into one of the rowboats, are rowed across the canal, and then go God knows where. Jake told Stanley that at one period the ferry had two thousand customers a day and was a gold mine.

Stanley reports that he didn't see a single horsecar in Hagueland.

Anthropologist

A TALL, blond young man (the description is pertinent to the story) went to Mexico for his vacation, untroubled by the fact that he knew practically nothing of the language. One warm afternoon, in the lounge of his hotel, he recklessly squandered his entire repertory of Spanish words, saying "*Cerveza*" to the waiter and, when a glass of beer appeared, "*Gracias*." An American lady who was sitting nearby with her husband listened with interest and remarked, "I suppose one of his parents must have been white."

World of Yesterday

THE World's Fair still maintains an office staff, and if you call Hanover 2-6655 you can get in touch with it. About a dozen people do every day, inquiring about the current exhibition at Gardens on Parade or wanting to know what time the General Motors Futurama opens in the morning. An eccentric fellow just in from Minnesota telephoned a while ago to ask if the World's Fair rooming bureau could find a wine cellar for him to sleep in; said he was used to sleeping in a wine cellar in Minnesota. Letters are still addressed to the World's Fair, too. A farmer in North Carolina has offered a hermaphroditic pig for exhibition, and a suburban inventor has offered a rain-making device, to cool off Flushing Meadow on hot days. As if anybody cared now.

Matter of fact, three people do care, at least professionally. These are the Messrs. Thomas F. Marrah, Herbert J. Slingo, and Edward H. Umgelter, who are, respectively, assistant secretary, director of import and export, and general auditor for the Fair Corporation. The three men put in full working days Monday through Friday in the Fair's office at 45 Beaver Street. Marrah accepts service of legal papers on the World's Fair Corporation and reports on the progress of dissolution to Commander Howard A. Flanigan, U.S.N. Commander Flanigan, a vice-president of the Fair, was originally put in charge of winding up the Fair, but the war has taken him to England. The legal business is trifling, for the most part; for example, an electrical-supply company may be suing a Fair concessionaire and

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"When do the soldiers get here?"

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wants to look at the correspondence between the defendant and the Fair Corporation.

Slingo, the director of import and export, is engaged in worrying about two hundred and nineteen invoices for foreign items brought to this country under customs bonds for exhibition at the Fair. The bonds are a guarantee against the sale in this country of imported exhibition objects, which were, of course, brought in duty-free. The bonds are not returned until the things they cover have been shipped back where they came from. Originally there were twenty-four hundred invoices for items under customs bonds, so you can see that the Fair has made progress, especially considering the state of foreign shipping these days. Slingo expects to be all through by October. Umgelter, the general auditor, is keeping the books open pending the final disposition of such matters as uncollected bills, disputed contracts, and insurance. He issues three pay checks every Friday for himself and his two colleagues.

Marrah, Slingo, and Umgelter divide up the miscellaneous business of their working day. Old Fair employees looking for new jobs usually give the Fair Corporation as a reference, and one of the three usually can get in touch with some official who remembers the applicant. One World's Fair visitor wrote in to ask for the present address of his favorite waitress at the Turf-Trylon; they couldn't help him. Recently they all three gravely inspected a hopeful sideshow candidate, a lady who told them that the little finger of her right hand was a second growth, the original having been chopped off in her youth. Seems that the Fair is keeping its fine, nutty flavor right to the last.

Litter

"Boston, Boston!" we murmured, skimming through a letter we received from a Boston lady who main-

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tains a desultory contact with the outside world. She wanted to tell us about seeing, on a bench in the Public Garden, a copy of the current *Fortune*, thumbed through and tossed aside, as you might toss aside yesterday's *Mirror*. It was in Boston that we were once served a Scotch-and-soda with two cellophane straws.

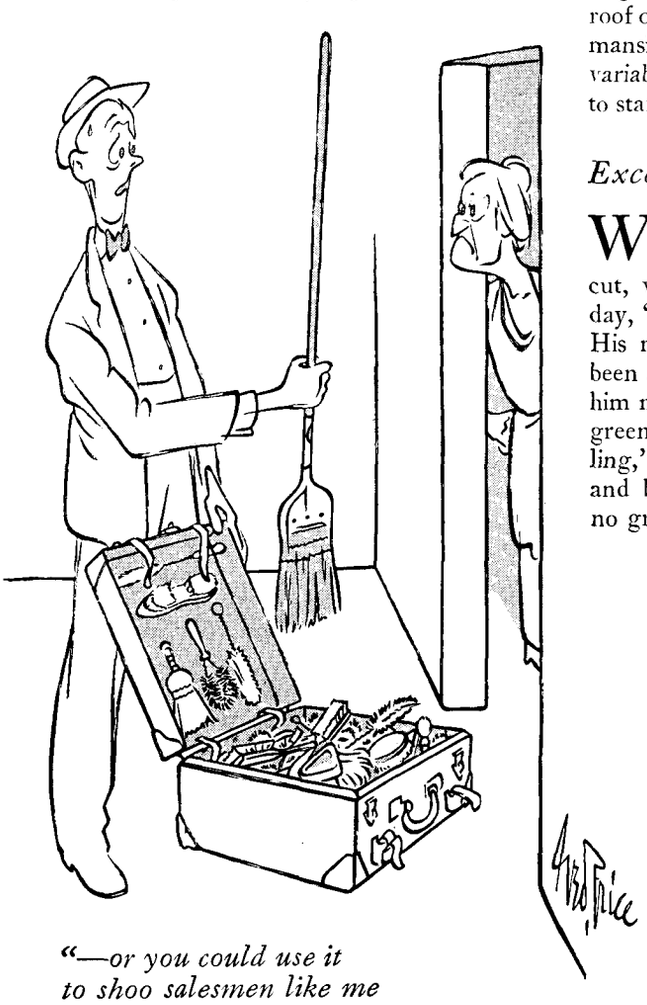
Lodz's Szyk

ARTHUR SZYK, the Polish artist whose book of political cartoons, "The New Order," was recently published here and some of whose paintings were shown at Knoedler's early this summer, is regarded by many critics as the leading living miniature painter. In time of war, however, he abandons this form of art for caricature, as a matter of duty. During the last war, in which he fought with the Russian Army against the Germans, he turned out satirical drawings of the Kaiser and Hindenburg. He is now hard at work on Hitler, Mussolini, Göring, and so on. "I consider myself as being on duty in my cartoons," he told us last week when we called on him at his Riverside Drive apartment. "We are not entitled to do the things we like today."

Mr. Szyk, who pronounces his name like the razor, or at least like the Schick razor, is a short, round, bouncy man with an intense air. He was born forty-seven years ago in Lodz, where, he informed us, he began painting at the age of four and at six did a series of drawings of the Boxer Rebellion. "How did you know about the Boxer Rebellion at six?" we asked. "We European generations are brought up in wars," he replied patiently. When Szyk was fifteen, his father, a textile manufacturer, sent him to study art in Paris. There he started out as a conventional painter, but in 1914, after a few months' study of Mohammedan art in Asia Minor, he began to concentrate on miniatures. After the war, he really got going in this field, working in Paris, London, and Poland and producing hundreds of small, elaborately detailed paintings, some of which have been hung in the Luxembourg, the National Library in Paris, and the collections of King George and Queen Mary of England. He especially likes to do historical series, and ten years ago, after a good deal of thoughtful historical research, he produced a set of thirty-eight miniatures called "Washington and His Times," depicting scenes from the American Revolution. These were bought by the then president of Poland, Ignacy Moscicki, who sometime later gave them to President Roosevelt. They are now in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library in Hyde Park.

Szyk told us that while the American Revolution had been perhaps his most interesting miniature subject to date, the one that introduced the most surprises was El Glaoui, the then Pasha of Marrakech, Morocco, whose portrait he was commissioned to paint in 1924 by the French Minister of Education. Accompanied by his wife, Szyk stayed with the Pasha for six weeks, living in a castle which he described to us as a copy of the Alhambra. "It was like the Thousand and One Nights," he reported. "There were gazelles in the garden and a big ballet every night, with dances of the bosom." Mrs. Szyk, who had joined us in her husband's workroom, nodded. "There were thirty-six courses for dinner every night, chiefly mutton and pigeon prepared in different ways," she said dreamily. The Pasha had a harem of eighty wives. Mrs. Szyk was smuggled into the harem, posing as an assistant to the harem's obstetrician, and told us that the wives ranged in age from thirteen to fifty-five and earned a lot of money on the side making tapestries. The Pasha was pleased with his miniature and grateful to the French Minister of Education for having sent Szyk. When Szyk was about to leave, the Pasha presented him with a signed photograph and said to him, "Tell your master I am pleased."

The Szyks, who have lived in America on and off since 1933, have a daughter, who is living with them, and a twenty-three-year-old son, Georges, who is with the de Gaulle forces in Syria. "He is the second generation to fight against the Germans, the same pest, the same calamity, the same Attila," Szyk said. Szyk hates hot weather and on particularly oppressive days spends hours sitting in a cold bath. His apartment has a roof overlooking the Charles M. Schwab mansion, and he often sleeps there, invariably getting up at six in the morning to start painting.



"—or you could use it to shoo salesmen like me away from the door."

Exception

WELL, believe it or not, but there's a little boy in Weston, Connecticut, who said to his mother the other day, "Mother, I just saw a green dog." His mother told him it couldn't have been a green dog, but this simply made him more stubborn; he had, too, seen a green dog, he said. "Now, listen, darling," she said. "There are black dogs, and brown dogs, and white dogs, but no green dogs." Her son looked at her tolerantly. "There's one green dog," he said. "And I saw it."

Moment in History

WHEN we last mentioned the matter, the Vargas diamond, the largest in existence, was in the Radio City office of its owner, Mr. Harry Winston. Adrian Grasselly, Mr. Winston's diamond expert, was on the verge of "cleaving" it; i.e., splitting it in two along the grain, with chisel and hammer—the first operation in the process of reducing the big

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million-dollar diamond into a number of smaller ones but one which, if something went wrong, might result in a hatful of useless diamond chips. Anyhow, it was done, and successfully, as you no doubt saw in the newspapers. No reporters were present, but we have, from talks with the people involved, pieced together the scene, which was undoubtedly the tensest of any that took place that day in New York.

Grasselly, who had told us that he was going to insist on solitude when he cleaved the diamond, changed his mind at the last minute and insisted on an audience. Originally the operation was set for Tuesday before last, but Grasselly slept badly Sunday night and knew it would be worse Monday night, so Mr. Winston told him to go ahead on Monday afternoon. The diamond was all ready, grooved along the proposed line of cleavage and set in a soft, tarlike cement in a wooden cup, which was held in a vise on Grasselly's bench. At four-thirty in the afternoon, Grasselly's audience gathered in his workroom: Winston, Mrs. Winston, and a diamond polisher named Walvisch. The door was locked. Grasselly, smoking a cigar, sat on a stool at his bench, and the others stood near. Winston said, somewhat nervously, "Now, boys, are you sure?" Walvisch said, "Nothing to worry about, Mr. Winston," fooling nobody. Grasselly said nothing. Inside, he told us, he was saying to himself, "It must go right. It must go right."

Holding a thin steel wedge in the groove in the diamond, Grasselly struck it a blow with a short steel bar. Nothing happened. For a moment nobody said anything. Then Winston inspected the Vargas with a magnifying glass and found the wedge had entered about three millimetres. After a short conference, the men decided that Grasselly should try again. At this point, Mrs. Winston said she was going to leave. "You don't have to go," Grasselly said. "You can stay." Mrs. Winston left anyway—took a taxicab to her apartment, where she sat biting her fingernails. Grasselly relighted his cigar, which had gone out. Then he selected a heavier steel bar than the one he had first used, and struck again. Again nothing happened. There were groans from Winston and Walvisch. Winston took off his coat, mopped his brow, and used the magnifying glass again. The wedge had entered another couple of millimetres. Winston concluded that Grasselly had been unconsciously holding back when he struck. "It was like a spring in my arm holding it back," Grasselly told us. The men decided on a third try. Winston said later, "I didn't want him to strike it again. I had to screw up my courage."

The third time Grasselly struck, the chisel went through. "She's fine!" Walvisch yelled. "See, she's through!" Winston seized the pieces and saw that only a negligible chip, three-quarters of a carat or thereabouts, had been lost. Grasselly sat there dazed. "I didn't look at the stone. They grabbed it. I didn't know what had happened," he told us. "The only thing I remember is somebody saying, 'Get him a drink.'" Walvisch unlocked the door, hurried to the outer office (where nobody knew what had been going on), and brought back a bottle of old Scotch whiskey. He found Winston and Grasselly in tears. Everybody had a couple of shots, and then Winston and Grasselly called up their wives. That evening all three men went to bed early. Grasselly weighed himself before retiring and found he had lost two and a half pounds. Winston had nightmares all night.

"He's going to feel that tomorrow."

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Bundle for Britain

A BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN outpost operated by the Junior League recently received an anonymous donation of six dress shirts, immaculate and in excellent condition. None of your soft fronts and attached collars, either; these had stiff neckbands and rigidly starched bosoms and cuffs. One of them, upon close examination, also turned out to have a pocket behind the starched bosom, reached by an opening at the side. In the pocket were two playing cards —the ace of diamonds and the ace of spades.

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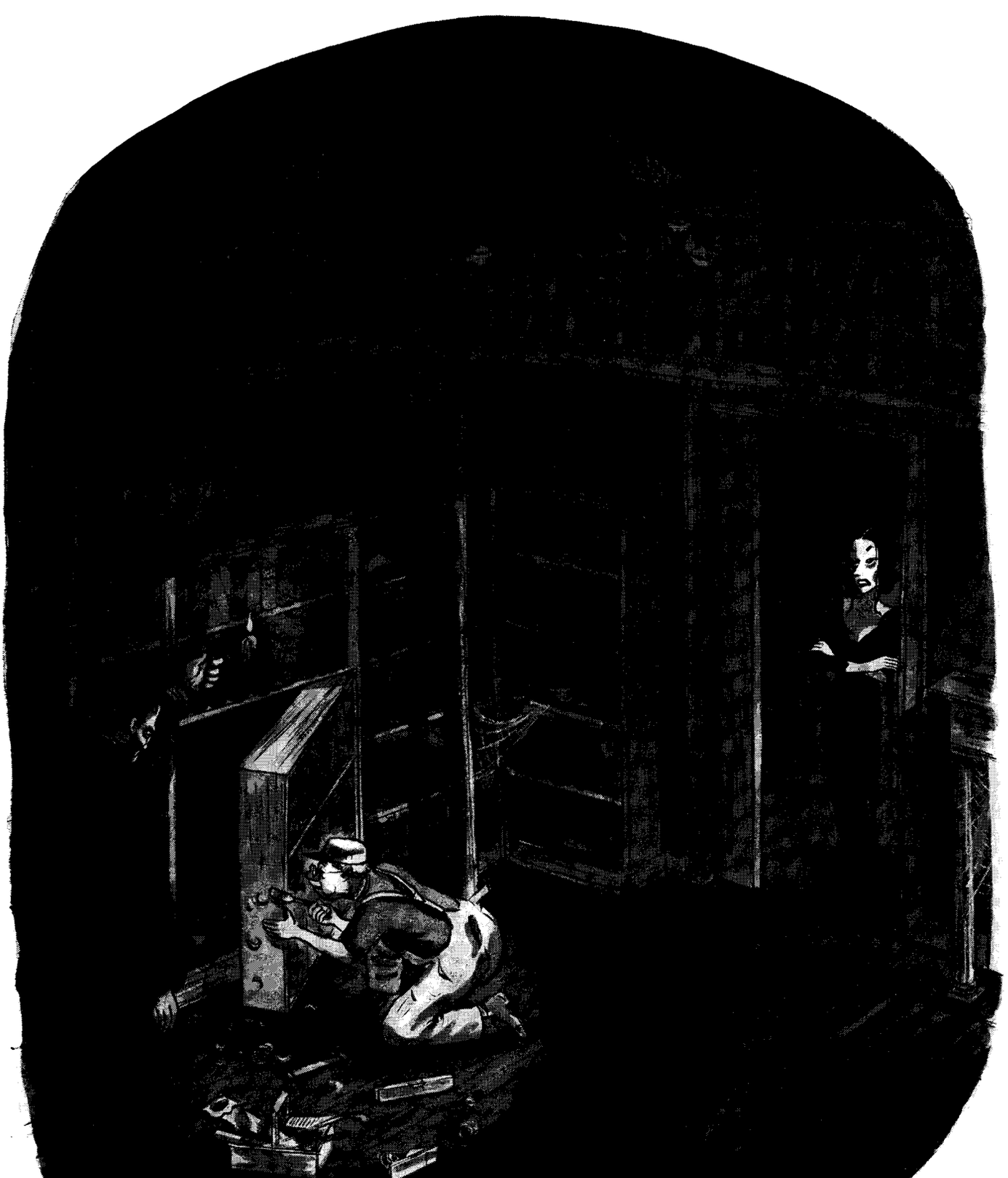

"While you're here, there's a squeaky trap door I'd like you to look at."

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SEARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY

WHEN he finally saw her he nearly failed to recognize her. He walked behind her for a half-block, vaguely noticing that the woman in front of him had long legs and was wearing a loose, college-girlish linen coat and a plain brown felt hat. Suddenly something about the way she walked made him remember—the almost affected rigidity of her back and straightness of throat and head, with all the movement of walking flowing up to the hips and stopping there, like Negro women in the South and Mexican and Spanish women carrying baskets on their heads.

For a moment he watched her walk along Twelfth Street, on the sunny side of the street, in front of the little tired gardens behind which lay the quiet, pleasantly run-down old houses. Then he caught up with her and touched her arm.

"Low heels," he said. "I never thought I'd live to see the day."

She looked around in surprise, then smiled widely and took his arm. "Hello, Paul," she said. "I've gone in for health."

"Whenever I think of you," he said, "I think of the highest heels in New York City."

"The old days," Harriet said. They walked slowly down the sunny street toward Sixth Avenue. "I was a frivolous creature."

"You still walk the same way. As though you ought to have a basket of laundry on your head."

"I practiced walking like that for six months. You'd be surprised how much attention I get walking into a room that way."

"I wouldn't be surprised," Paul said, looking at her. She had black hair and pale, clear skin and a long, full body, and her eyes were deep gray and always brilliant, even after she'd been drinking for three days in a row.

Harriet began to walk a little faster. "I'm going to Wanamaker's," she said. "There're a couple of things I have to buy. Where you going?"

"Wanamaker's," Paul said. "I've been dying to go to Wanamaker's for three years."

They walked in silence for a few moments, Harriet's arm in his.

"Casual," Paul said. "I bet to the naked eye we look casual as hell. How do you feel?"

Harriet took her arm away. "Casual."

"Oh. Then that's how I feel, too." Paul whistled a few bars of the "1812 Overture." He stopped and looked critically at her, and she stopped too and turned toward him, a slight, puzzled smile on her face. "What makes you dress that way?" he asked. "You look like Monday morning in Northampton."

"I just threw on whatever was nearest," Harriet said. "I'm just going to be out about an hour."

"You used to look like a nice big box of candy in your clothes." Paul took her arm and they started off again. "Viennese bonbons. Every indentation carefully exploited in silk and satin. Even if you were just going down to the corner for a pint of gin, you'd look like something that ought to be eaten for dessert. This is no improvement."

"A girl has different periods in clothes," Harriet said. "Like Picasso. And if I'd known I was going to meet you, I'd've dressed differently."

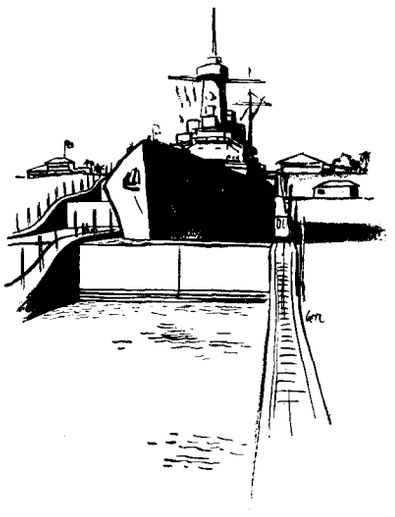
Paul patted her arm. "That's better." He eyed her obliquely as they walked—the familiar long face, the well-known wide mouth with always a little too much lipstick on it, the little teeth that made her face, when she smiled, look suddenly like a little girl's in Sunday school.

"You're getting skinny, Paul," Harriet said.

Paul nodded. "I'm as lean as a herring. I've been leading a fevered and ascetic life. What sort of life have you been leading?"

"I got married." Harriet paused a moment. "Did you hear I got married?"

"I heard," Paul said. "The last time we crossed Sixth Avenue together the 'L' was still up. I feel a nostalgic twinge for the Sixth Avenue 'L.'" They hurried as the light changed. "On the night of January 9, 1940," Paul said, holding her elbow until they had crossed the street, "you were not home."



"Possible," Harriet said. "I'm a big girl now. I go out at night."

"I happened to pass your house and I noticed that the light wasn't on." They turned down toward Ninth Street. "I remembered how hot you kept that apartment—like the dahlia greenhouse in the Botanical Garden."

"I have thin blood," Harriet said gravely. "Long years of inbreeding in Massachusetts."

"The nicest thing about you," Paul said, "was you never went to sleep."

"Every lady to her own virtue," Harriet said. "Some women're beautiful, some're smart. Me, I never went to sleep. The secret of my great popularity—"

Paul grinned. "Shut up."

Harriet smiled back at him and they chuckled together. "You know what I mean," he said. "Any time I called you up—two, three in the morning—you'd come right over, lively and bright-eyed, all the rouge and mascara in the right places—"

"In my youth," said Harriet, "I had great powers of resistance."

"In the morning we'd eat breakfast to Beethoven. The Masterwork Hour, WNYC. Beethoven, by special permission of His Honor the Mayor, from nine to ten." Paul closed his eyes for a moment. "The Little Flower, Mayor for Lovers."

PAUL opened his eyes and looked at the half-strange, half-familiar woman walking lightly at his side. He remembered lying close to her, dreamily watching the few lights of the towers of the nighttime city framed by the big window of his bedroom against the black sky, and one night when she moved sleepily against him and rubbed the back of his neck where the hair was sticking up in sharp little bristles because he had had his hair cut that afternoon. Harriet had rubbed them the wrong way, smiling dreamily, without opening her eyes. "What a delicious thing a man is," she'd murmured. And she'd sighed, then chuckled a little and fallen asleep, her hand still on the clipped back of his neck. Paul smiled, remembering.

"You still laughing at my clothes?" Harriet asked.

"I remembered something I heard

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someplace," Paul said. " 'What a delicious thing a man is.' "

Harriet looked at him coldly. "Who said that?"

Paul squinted suspiciously at her. "Oswald Spengler."

"Uh huh," Harriet said soberly. "It's a famous quotation."

"It's a well-turned phrase," said Paul.

"That's what I think, too." Harriet nodded and walked a little faster.

They passed the run-down bar where they'd sat afternoons all one winter, drinking Martinis and talking and talking and laughing so loud the people at the other tables would turn and smile. Paul waited for Harriet to say something about the place, but she didn't even seem to notice it. "There's Eddie's Bar," Paul said.

"Uh huh." Harriet nodded.

"He's going to start making his Martinis with sherry when all the French vermouth runs out," Paul said.

"It sounds horrible." Harriet made a face.

"Is that all you have to say?" Paul said loudly, remembering the times he'd looked in to see if she was there.

"What do you want me to say?" Harriet looked honestly puzzled, but Paul had never known when she was lying to him or telling the truth anyway, and he hadn't improved in these two years, he discovered.

"I don't want you to say anything," he said. "I'll take you in and buy you a drink."

"No, thanks. I've really got to get to Wanamaker's and back home in a hurry. Give me a rain check."

"Yeah," Paul said sourly.

They turned into Ninth Street toward Fifth Avenue.

"I knew I'd meet you someplace, finally," Paul said. "I was curious to see what would happen."

Harriet didn't say anything. She was looking absently at the buildings across the street.

"Don't you ever talk any more?" Paul asked.

"What *did* happen?"

"Every once in a while," he began, "I meet some girl I used to know—"

"I bet the country's full of them," Harriet said.

"The country's full of everybody's ex-girls."

Harriet nodded. "I never thought of it that way, but you're right."

"Most of the time I think, 'Isn't she a nice, decent person? Isn't it wonderful I'm no longer attached to her?' The first girl I ever had," Paul said, "is a policewoman now. She subdued a gangster singlehanded in Coney Island last summer. Her mother won't let her go out of the house in her uniform. She's ashamed for the neighbors."

"Naturally," Harriet said.

"Another girl I used to know changed her name and dances in the Russian Ballet. I went to see her dance the other night. She has legs like a Fordham tackle. I used to think she was beautiful. I used to think you were beautiful, too."

"We were a handsome couple," Harriet said. "Except you always needed a shave. That electric razor—"

"I've given it up."

They were passing his old house now and he looked at the doorway and remembered all the times he and Harriet had gone in and come out, the rainy days and the early snowy mornings with the milkman's horse silent on the white street behind them. They stopped and looked at the old red house with the shabby shutters and the window on the fourth floor they had both looked out of time and time again to see what the weather was. Paul remembered the first time, on a winter's night, he and Harriet had gone through that door together.

"I was so damn polite," Paul said softly.

Harriet smiled. "You kept dropping the key and saying 'Lord, Lord' under your breath while you were looking for it."

"I was nervous. I wanted to make sure you knew exactly how matters stood. No illusions. Good friends, everybody understanding everybody else, another girl coming in from Detroit in six weeks—no claims on me, no claims on you . . ." Paul looked at the window on the fourth floor and smiled. "What a god-damn fool!"

"It's a nice, quiet street," Harriet said, looking up at the window on the fourth floor, too. She shook her head,

A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO THE OCEAN

Let us now consider the ocean.
It is always in motion.
It is generally understood to be the source of much of our rain,
And ten thousand fleets are said to have swept over it in vain.
When the poet requested it to break, break, break on its cold gray stones, it obligingly broke, broke, broke,
Which, since the poet was Alfred, Lord Tennyson, didn't surprise him at all, but if it had been me I would probably have had a stroke.
Its water, water is everywhere nor any drop to drink in it,
And things lighter than it float on it and heavier than it sink in it.
Some people call it the Atlantic and some the Pacific or the Antarctic or the Indian or the Mediterranean Sea,
But I always say what difference does it make, some old geographer mumbling a few words over it, it will always be just the ocean to me.
For the benefit of those who have never seen the ocean, I will describe it, so they can recognize it with never a doubt of it:
It is that big wet wavy thing with as good fish in it as ever came out of it,
And I further allege
You can always identify it by the people acting like lunatics along its edge.
Yes, there is an immortal dignity about something like the Atlantic,
And it seems to drive unimmortal, undignified human beings frustratedly frantic.
Just give them one foot on the beach and people who were perfectly normal formerly, or whilom,
Why, they are subject to whoops and capers that would get them blackballed from an asylum,
Yet be they never so rampant and hollerant,
The ocean is tolerant,
Except a couple of times a day it gives up in disgust and goes off by itself and hides,
And that, my dears, accounts for the tides.

—Ogden Nash

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took Paul's arm again. "I've got to get to Wanamaker's."

THEY started off.

"What're you buying at Wanamaker's?" Paul asked.

Harriet hesitated for a moment. "Nothing much. I'm looking at some baby clothes. I'm going to have a baby." They crowded over to one side to let a little woman with four dachshunds pass them in a busy tangle. "Isn't it funny—me with a baby?" Harriet smiled. "I lie around all day and try to imagine what it's going to be like. In between, I sleep and drink beer to nourish us. I've never had such a good time in all my life."

"Well," said Paul, "at least it'll keep your husband out of the Army."

"Maybe. He's a raging patriot."

"Good. When he's at Fort Dix I'll meet you in Washington Square Park when you take the baby out for an airing in its perambulator. I'll put on a policeman's uniform to make it proper. I'm not such a raging patriot."

"They'll get you anyway, won't they?"

"Sure. I'll send you my picture in a lieutenant's suit. From Bulgaria. I have a premonition I'm going to be called on to defend a strategic point in Bulgaria."

"How do you feel about it?" For the first time, Harriet looked squarely and searchingly at him.

Paul shrugged. "It's going to happen. It's all damned silly but it isn't as silly now as it was ten years ago."

Suddenly Harriet laughed.

"What's so funny?" Paul demanded.

"My asking you how you felt about something. I never used to have a chance. You'd let me know how you felt about everything. Roosevelt, James Joyce, Jesus Christ, Gypsy Rose Lee, Matisse, Yoga, liquor, sex, architecture—"

"I was full of opinions in those days." Paul smiled. "Lust and conversation. The firm foundations of civilized relations between the sexes."

He turned and looked back at the window on the fourth floor. "That was a nice apartment," he said softly. "Lust and conversation—"

"Come on, Paul," Harriet said. "Wanamaker's isn't going to stay open all night."

"You were the only girl I ever knew I could sleep in the same bed with," Paul said.

"That's a hell of a thing to say to a girl." Harriet laughed. "Is that your notion of a compliment?"

Paul shrugged. "It's an irrelevant fact. Or a relevant fact. Is it polite to talk to a married lady this way?"

"No."

Paul walked along with her. "What do you think of when you look at me?" he asked.

"Nothing much," Harriet said.

"What're you lying about?"

"Nothing much," Harriet said.

"Don't you even think, what in the name of God did I ever see in him?"

"No." Harriet began to walk faster.

"Should I tell you what I think of when I look at you?"

"No."

"I've been looking for you for two years," Paul said.

"My name's been in the telephone

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"Uh—do I have to do anything?"

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book." Harriet hurried even more, wrapping her coat tightly around her.

"I didn't realize I was looking for you until I saw you."

"Please, Paul—"

"I would walk along the street and I'd pass a bar we'd been in together and I'd go in and sit there even though I didn't want a drink, not knowing why I was sitting there. Now I know. I was waiting for you to come in. I didn't pass your house by accident."

"Look, Paul," Harriet pleaded. "It was a long time ago and it was fine and it ended—"

"I was wrong," Paul said. "Do you like hearing that? I was wrong. You know, I never did get married after all."

"I know," Harriet said. "Please shut up."

"I walk along Fifth Avenue and every time I pass St. Patrick's I half look up to see if you're passing, because I met you that day right after you'd had a tooth pulled. And it was cold and you were walking along with the tears streaming from your eyes and your eyes red and that was the only time I ever met you by accident any place."

Harriet smiled. "That certainly sounds like a beautiful memory."

"Two years," Paul said. "I've gone out with a lot of girls in the last two years." He shrugged. "They've bored me and I've bored them. I keep looking at every woman who passes to see if it's you. All the girls I go out with bawl the hell out of me for it. I've been walking around, following girls with dark hair to see if it'll turn out to be you, and girls with a fur jacket like that old one you had, and girls that walk in that silly, beautiful way you walk. I've been searching the streets of the city for you for two years and this is the first time I've admitted it even to myself. That little Spanish joint we went the first time. Every time I pass it I remember everything—how many drinks we had and what the band played and what we said and the fat Cuban who kept winking at you from the bar and the very delicate way we landed up in my apartment . . ."

They were both walking swiftly now, Harriet holding her hands stiffly down at her sides.

"There is a particular, wonderful way you are joined together—"

"Paul, stop it!" Harriet's voice was flat but loud.

"Two years. In two years the edge should be dulled off things like that. Instead . . ." How can you make a mistake as big as that? Paul thought. How can you deliberately be as wrong as that? And no remedy. So long as you live, no remedy. He looked harshly at Harriet. Her face was set, as though she weren't listening to him and was intent only on getting across the street as quickly as possible. "How about you?" he asked. "Don't you remember?"

"I don't remember anything," she said. And then, suddenly, the tears sprang up in her eyes and streamed down the tight, distorted cheeks. "I don't remember a god-damn thing!" She wept. "I'm not going to Wanamaker's. I'm going home! Goodbye!" She ran over to a cab that was parked at the corner and opened the door and sprang in. The cab spurted past Paul and he had a glimpse of Harriet sitting stiffly upright, the tears bitter and unheeded in her eyes.

He watched the cab go down Fifth Avenue until it turned. Then he turned the other way and started walking, thinking, I must move away from this neighborhood, I've lived here long enough.

—Irwin Shaw

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Bridgeport Times-Star*]

The first recorded ladies' smoker was given by the same club here five years ago.

"No one has had the courage to repeat the show since," one of the members said, "but this year we felt that we were ripe for it." The original idea was the brainstorm of Miss Georgette Stanton, now Mrs. Stanley Adams, who has since left town.

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MARGARET

Mrs. Lewis subscribed to all the periodicals she knew of that dealt with the problems of being a good mother. She tried out most of the ideas suggested, and during such times as the week when she never once said "Hurry up" to her seven-year-old Jane or three-year-old Hilda, she hoped the editors had to try them out too, but on the whole she found the advice useful and practical. The magazines told her what to do about such problems as the little boy who lived in the cottage on the alley and said "son of a bitch." Mrs. Lewis herself had never heard the expression until she went to Mount Holyoke, and she wondered in passing whether her mother had worked out her own technique for dealing with neighborhood children or whether in those idyllic days it had been unnecessary.

It was unfortunate, Mrs. Lewis decided, that the mothers' magazines never dealt with a child like Margaret, a large, sturdy little girl of nine with a loud voice and an assertive manner. In the articles there were undesirable children, unfortunate children, and children who were bad influences, but their faults could always be blamed on something in their environment. The idea of simply disliking a child, as you were quite free to dislike an adult if you chose, was apparently unthinkable. Just the same, Mrs. Lewis disliked Margaret intensely, if in secret. She liked to walk with her arm entwined around another little girl, generally smaller and squirming to get away. She took it on herself to apportion turns and adjudicate quarrels in the Lewis back yard, which should have relieved Mrs. Lewis but didn't. Nor did Margaret, like the other children, confine herself to the back yard. In summer the back screen door stood unlatched, and Margaret was in the kitchen, the playroom, Mrs. Lewis's bedroom, the study, the attic, the cellar, the bathroom. There was no corner of the Lewis home free from Margaret. When the Christmas-tree ornaments, which had been stowed away in a corner of the attic, appeared, mostly smashed, in the nursery, Jane said Margaret had brought them down because Hilda had wanted them. When water overflowed from the washtubs in the basement, Jane explained that Margaret had gone down there to wash the mud off her feet rather than dirty the Lewis bathroom. The trouble Margaret made was almost invariably due to her excessive consideration for others.

In her peregrinations through the house, she commented freely on all she observed. Standing in the kitchen one day, she said, "Your refrigerator doesn't have a handle to loosen the ice cubes, does it? Ours has; ours is 1941. It's a funny thing, but everything we have seems to be 1941—the refrigerator, the stove, the radio, the car." Mrs. Lewis, struggling grimly with a 1936-model ice-cube tray, made no reply.

Another day, Margaret appeared in the study when Mrs. Lewis was typing a letter. "You could be a secretary, Mrs. Lewis," she said. "You typewrite just as fast as my aunt."

"I can't talk while I do it, though," Mrs. Lewis murmured mildly, with a glance at the study door.

"My aunt can," Margaret said.

"Well, I can't," said Mrs. Lewis, "so perhaps you'd better run along into the back yard until I finish this."

She didn't consider that a good example for Jane of the way to treat a guest, but then, if Margaret had only been ten years older, she would never have been a guest in any home of Mrs. Lewis's. As a conscientious mother, however, she hadn't the ghost of a chance of escaping from Margaret. Jane's admiration for her grew, and all the authorities said you should encourage a child's developing social instincts. In the Lewis household this came to mean that even when Margaret was absent in body, her spirit haunted every mealtime.

"When Margaret lived in California," Jane reported, "she went to a school that was right beside the ocean, and they used to wear their bathing suits to school, and they kept all the windows open, and when they got tired of school they just dived right out the windows into the ocean. Why didn't I go to that kind of school when we lived in California, Mother?"

"Because there aren't any such schools. For goodness sake, aren't you old enough to tell a made-up story from a real one? The next time Margaret starts telling you about California, you can tell her you were once invited to Shirley Temple's birthday party," Mrs. Lewis said crossly, and then wondered with horror if she were a grown-up Margaret. "If you do, tell her you were too little to go," she added grudgingly.

Margaret knew of wonderful programs on the radio, and they became a part of the Lewises' daily life. When Jane took swimming lessons, Margaret

"I want the kind of poison that ants eat and then go and tell the other ants about."

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announced that she was in the advanced class, and Jane hung around every day after the beginners' class, vainly seeking a glimpse of her. But Margaret's conversation was not all fantasy. "Mother," Jane reported one day at lunch, "I didn't tell her, I really didn't, but Margaret *knows* we're going to have a baby."

A few days later, Mrs. Lewis, at the sun-parlor window, saw two strange little boys climbing the cherry tree in her back yard. A moment afterward, Margaret strode across the yard and stood under the tree, her head tilted back.

"Are you Jews?" Margaret shouted to the boys.

Mrs. Lewis thought she had found deliverance at last—she had no compunction about barring anti-Semitism from her back yard—but her opportunity passed before she could grasp it.

"I am," the little boy nearer the ground had answered, "but he's not," pointing to his companion farther up the tree.

This matter-of-fact rejoinder was evidently not what Margaret had expected; nonplussed, she lapsed into an unaccustomed silence, and the chance to get rid of her on moral grounds was gone.

SELLING the flowers was, of course, Margaret's idea. Mrs. Lewis encouraged her children's fondness for flowers by the best pedagogical methods. Each one had her own bed of easy-to-grow, free-flowering annuals—the nasturtiums were Hilda's, the sweet peas and cosmos Jane's.

The three children—Margaret Jane, and Hilda—came into the house one hot afternoon clutching in perspiring hands an assortment of short-stemmed and grubby nasturtiums, sweet peas, and cosmos.

"Can't we *please* pick the phlox, Mother?" Jane asked. "It's so much prettier than our flowers. Besides, we're going to sell them to all the people in this block and we don't have very many."

Mrs. Lewis hesitated. She didn't want the children running around in the heat, making spectacles of themselves and bothering the neighbors. But you weren't supposed to say no except for a really adequate reason, and Mrs. Lewis distrusted her own tendency to say no to any enterprise in which Margaret was concerned.

"All the people in this block have plenty of flowers in their own back yards," she objected weakly.

"Oh, *please*, Mother." Jane was on the verge of tears. "We're going to make a lot of money."

"I'm terribly afraid you won't be able to sell any, but try if you like," Mrs. Lewis said. "And if you sell what you have there, I'll let you pick some phlox."

The three children rushed off and were back in less than five minutes with three cents.

"My mother bought them!" Margaret shouted from the centre of the bed of phlox, which she was reducing to nothing with the speed and thoroughness of a swarm of locusts. "And now that we have some *nice* flowers, we can really sell them."

"You mustn't ring people's doorbells," Mrs. Lewis said feebly as the flower-venders started off again.

Jane and Hilda returned half an hour later, hot, grimy, and with the flowers wilted, but not hopeless. Mrs. Lewis had them all arranged in deep water to freshen them when Margaret dashed into the kitchen. "My grandmother's going to give me a nickel for them!" she shouted, and, snatching the phlox, departed, leaving a trail of water and leaves.

"Five cents and three cents is eight cents," Jane said. "That's three for me and three for Margaret and two for Hilda."

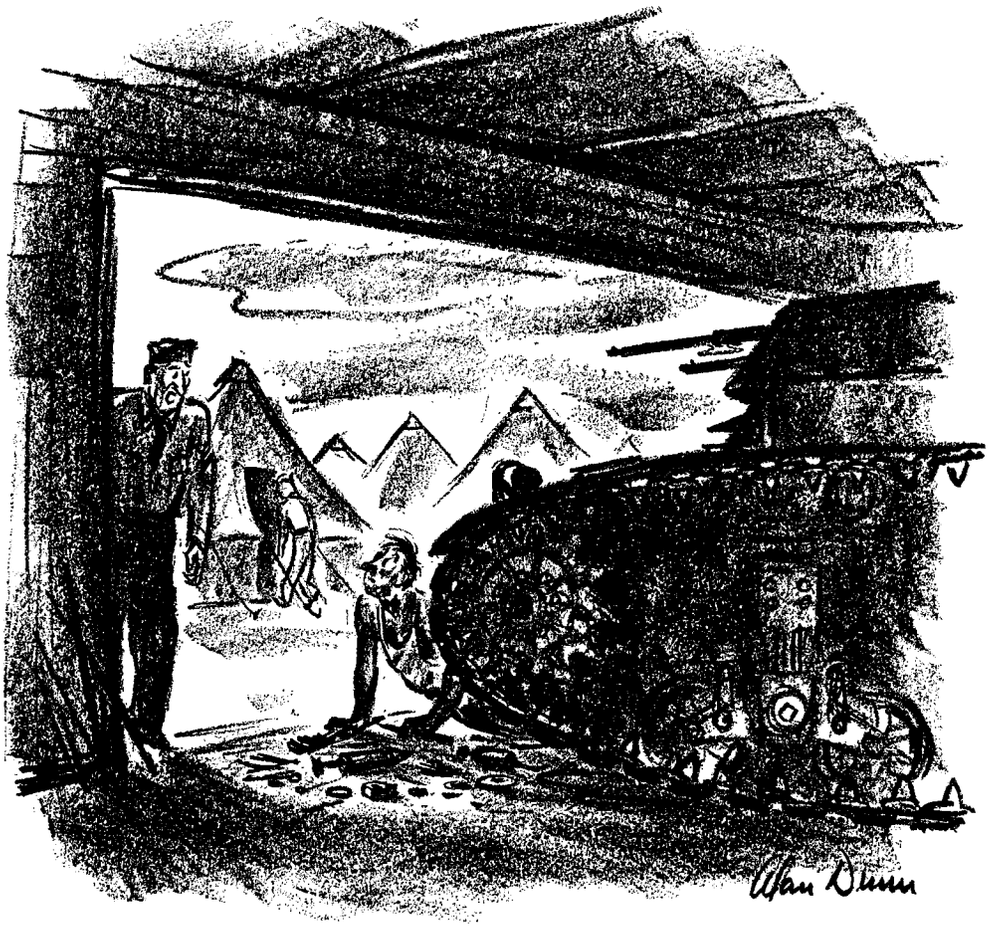
Jane's arithmetic proved optimistic. That evening she said to her mother, "I can't have my three cents and Hilda can't have her two cents. Margaret is going to put it all in a fund, and at the end of the summer we can have a treat."

"That sounds like a nice plan," Mrs. Lewis said, "but you don't *have* to do it if you don't want to. You were partners and you have just as much right to decide what to do with the money as Margaret does."

"No I can't," Jane said, beginning to weep. "If I don't put my three cents in the fund, Margaret won't ever play with me again as long as I live." She stopped crying to contemplate this idea. "Sometimes I wish she wouldn't," she said thoughtfully.

Mrs. Lewis checked an impulse to shake hands. In eleven more years, she reflected, Jane would be grown up. The instructive magazines never emphasized the consoling thought that children finally turned out to be people.

—ANNA MARY WELLS



"There's boiling water, pumice, and steel wool in the washroom, in case you want to freshen up a bit before lunch."

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PROFILES

PUBLISHER

I—THE BOY IN THE PISTACHIO SHIRT

BUSINESSMEN like Baron Axel Wenner-Gren, the Swedish manufacturer of iceboxes and anti-aircraft guns, and Bruce Barton, the advertising executive, who know Roy Wilson Howard, head man of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, think of him as primarily a Great Reporter. Howard frequently assures them that he would rather cover a good story than do anything else in the world. Most of the newspaper reporters who know Mr. Howard think of him as primarily a Great Businessman, and this misconception, as he terms it, pains him. "I'm still just a newspaper boy," Howard democratically informed a former employee he met at the Philadelphia convention of the Republican Party last summer. He was at the moment waiting for Wendell L. Willkie, who had just been nominated, to pack a spare shirt and join him aboard the Howard yacht, the Jamaroy, for a weekend voyage of relaxation. While waiting, Howard called the ex-employee's attention to his green hatband, made of the neck feathers of a rare Hawaiian bird. "You can only use six feathers from a bird and it takes two hundred birds to make one of these bands," he said with modest satisfaction. Abercrombie & Fitch sold a total of two or three of these bands for $150 apiece.

The Jamaroy's fantail was draped in red, white, and blue for the Willkie cruise, and Mrs. Howard, a plump, pleasant woman, who looks a little like the first Mrs. Jimmy Walker, wore seagoing togs of the same colors. Howard stuck to an ensemble of bright-green suit, shirt, tie, and hatband. He adopted loud clothes as a trademark when he first went to work nearly forty years ago, believing that they would prevent superiors from forgetting him. The clothes serve no practical purpose now, since he has no superiors, but they have become a habit. Barton, an old friend, explains them by saying, "When a product is going well, you don't change the package." Soon after Willkie arrived on the Jamaroy, newspapermen who came aboard with him to say goodbye discovered that Helen Worden, a reporter on Howard's *World-Telegram*, was on the yacht as a guest. Fearing that Miss Worden might write a series of exclusive feature articles, possibly entitled

Roy Wilson Howard

"Wind, Waves, and Willkie," the other reporters kept complaining to the candidate until he gave in and ungallantly asked Howard to order her ashore, which the publisher did. Howard thought of this as one more instance of the unjust suspicion with which other journalists sometimes regard him. He is extremely sensitive.

One evening, during a particularly acrimonious phase of some negotiations with the American Newspaper Guild, the C.I.O. union of editorial and business-office workers which now has contracts with fourteen of the nineteen Scripps-Howard newspapers, Howard learned that a Guild leader had spoken harshly of him at a meeting. Around midnight he called up a sub-editor who lived in Yonkers and asked him to come to the Howard home in the East Sixties immediately. At about two o'clock the employee arrived. "Joe," the publisher shouted before the Howard butler had had time to take the man's hat, "tell me, am I a son of a bitch?" The man said no and Howard seemed reassured. The same sensitiveness came to light after the passage of the lend-lease bill, which Howard and his editors had vigorously opposed. The Scripps-Howard chief telephoned to a number of acquaintances friendly to the administration and asked them if they thought he was an appeaser. "If you ever think I'm getting too far off base," he told one man, "I wish you'd call up and tell me."

Despite this concern over other people's opinions of him, the publisher frequently follows courses of action that strangers might consider dictated by self-interest. There was, for example, the time in 1937 when a Congressional committee was about to investigate loopholes in the income-tax law and, it turned out, to name Howard and several other Scripps-Howard officers, along with still other wealthy men, as having set up personal holding companies to cut down their taxes. Howard's particular device, entirely within the law, had saved him $80,000 in taxes on his taxable income of $500,000 in 1936. For weeks before the committee met, Westbrook Pegler, Howard's favorite Scripps-Howard columnist, blasted away at the high-handed and inquisitorial methods of the government's income-tax men. Howard must have been tempted to ask Pegler, as a favor, to stop, on the ground that the world might think the excitement more than a coincidence, or to omit some of the Pegler columns from his newspapers. However, the publisher steeled himself against such tampering with the liberty of the press and the columnist's opinions appeared.

SOMETHING in Howard's stature and carriage suggests a jockey, but he would be too big to ride in anything except a steeplechase. Howard blames the late Arthur Brisbane for spreading the impression that he is ridiculously short. "Brisbane once tried to get me into the Hearst organization," he says, "and he never forgave me for turning him down. After I got well known, he always referred to me in his column as 'little Roy Howard.' Arthur could never understand a man who wasn't interested in money." Sometimes, to prove that he is not really small, Howard invites new acquaintances to stand up beside him in front of an immense mirror in his office. The publisher stands straight, lifts his chin, and waits for the caller's cheering assurance that he isn't such a very little fellow after all. He looks a trifle shorter than he is because his head, covered with gray hair that he parts in the middle, is large in proportion to the rest of him. He is five feet six.

Howard has a wedge-shaped face, broad at the temples and tapering toward

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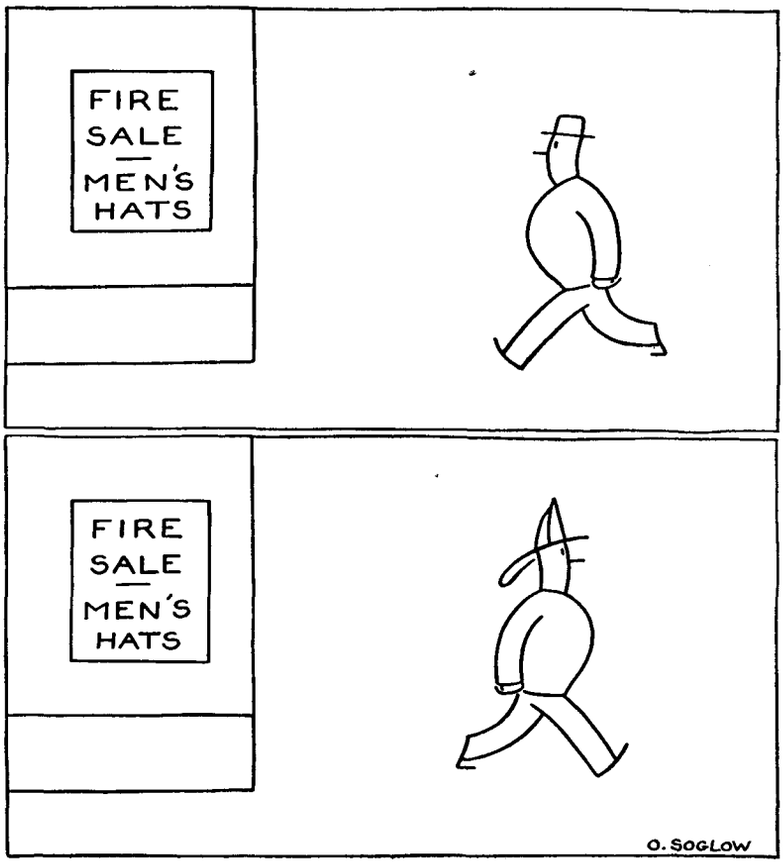

the chin, and has a short, close-cropped, graying mustache. His face is youthful in a curious way, reminding one of a prematurely old boy. He is actually fifty-eight. One of Howard's characteristics is a high, banjo-string voice that plucks at a hearer's attention, dominates it, and then lulls it until, like the buzz of a mosquito returning from a swing around a room, the sound increases in intensity and awakes the listener again. He is acutely conscious of prolixity in others. He once telephoned a Scripps-Howard editor in Washington from New York to tell him of a long-distance conversation he had just had with Joseph P. Kennedy, who was in Boston. "That Kennedy talks your ear off," Howard complained. "I was paying the charges and he had me on the phone for forty-five minutes." When Howard hung up, the editor looked at his watch. The publisher had been talking to him for just about forty-five minutes. Howard occasionally times his telephone calls with a stopwatch so that he can later check his bills. Even with the expensive minutes fleeting before his eyes, he has the same emotional difficulty in hanging up a receiver that a fat woman has in waving away a tray of chocolate éclairs.

When Howard is on a local wire his pleasure is uninhibited by economic considerations, and there are days when he practically edits the *World-Telegram*, which is at 125 Barclay Street, from his own office at Scripps-Howard headquarters, on the twenty-second floor of 230 Park Avenue. On these days, Lee B. Wood, the executive editor of the *World-Telegram*, squirms at his desk in a corner of the newspaper's vast city room, holding the receiver against his ear and repeating "Yes, Roy" at irregular intervals until his voice sounds as mechanical as the clack of the news tickers. Wood, an extremely tall man, slides forward and down in his seat as such a day progresses, until finally he appears to be resting on his shoulder blades. Howard's voice sometimes seems to have a narcotic effect on the cerebral processes of his subordinates. An irreverent *mot* of the *World-Telegram* city room defines a Scripps-Howard editor as "a man who walks briskly, smiles a lot, and rearranges furniture." Top editors have an additional function: keeping down expenses. A good Scripps-Howard editor is never too tired to walk around a newspaper plant at the end of the day and turn out unnecessary lights.

This frugality is a heritage from the reign of Edward Wyllis Scripps, the founder of the newspaper chain, who was accustomed to go into towns where there was an established conservative newspaper and start an opposition sheet on a minimum budget. The Scripps entry would plump for labor as a matter of business principle. Its chances of survival depended on keeping expenses low. The Scripps formula, as expressed by a cynical veteran, was to "hire a shed down by the railroad station, put in a press that Gutenberg had scrapped and some linotype machines held together with baling wire, then put in a kid for twelve dollars a week to be editor and promise him one per cent of the profits as soon as the circulation hit a million." Scripps' thesis, as he himself expounded it, was that a heavy outlay on a newspaper put a publisher at the mercy of bankers and advertisers. Only a shoestring newspaper could afford to be pro-labor, he used to say, but if a pro-labor paper could survive for a while, it was bound to catch on. He once said that ninety-five per cent of all newspaper readers were not rich and would read a daily published in the interest of the have-nots. A profitable amount of advertising would follow circulation. Scripps remarked late in life that he had founded about forty papers on this shoestring basis and that a third of them had been great financial successes. When he died, in 1926, his newspaper chain was estimated to be worth forty million dollars. Since his death, there have been changes in the business concepts as well as in the editorial doctrines of the firm, but a vestigial frugality remains.

None of this frugality is evident in Howard's private office, which is a loud version of an Oriental temple in red-and-black lacquer and gilt, with a chandelier in the form of a Chinese lamp trailing red tassels. The walls are decorated with scrolls addressed to the publisher by admiring Celestials. They are long, vertical strips of parchment covered with large calligraphy, and Howard, who reads no Chinese but knows an English version of each of the texts by rote, likes to translate them for visitors. "The Chinese send them instead of autographed photographs," he says. "That one there, for instance, is from my old friend Tong Sho-yi, who was slated to be President of China if Wu Pei-fu had beaten the Kuomintang, but the Kuomintang beat Wu Pei-fu, and Tong Sho-yi was killed by hatchet men in Shanghai. He was a great friend of Herbert Hoover's. The scroll says, 'To make love to a young woman is like feeding honey to a baby on the point of a knife.'" In his house in the East Sixties, which looks something like a branch public library, he also has a Chinese room, and Mrs. Howard has a three-hundred-year-old Ning-po lacquer bed that was imported in a hundred and

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twenty-three pieces, with directions in Chinese for putting it together. "The only Japanese stuff in my house," Howard says, "is a dressing-table set of pigeon's-blood cloisonné that Mrs. Matsuoka gave Mrs. Howard." Until recently, Mr. Matsuoka was the Japanese Foreign Minister.

The surface of the huge desk at which Howard works in his office, and which looks long enough for him to sleep on, is so brightly polished that it mirrors his face, and a caller sitting across from him may have the sensation of being talked at simultaneously by two identical faces, one perched on Howard's neck and the other spread out on the desk. There is always a small bowl of dark magenta carnations on the desk, and Howard usually has a carnation of the same shade in his lapel, day or night. When he dines out, he has been known to wear patent-leather Russian boots, an evening cape, a red tie, a checked waistcoat, and a dinner jacket. His business suits are short-waisted and double-breasted, and have long, pointed lapels like the ears of an alert donkey. Although the suits in themselves are notable, people usually remember them only as accessories to his haberdashery. Beholders recall chiefly the wine-red shirts with large plaids of shrill green; the shirts of turquoise-and-gold squares; the orange, mauve, and pistachio shirts; the shirts of jade, rust red, and tangerine, lovingly picked out with electric blue; and, invariably, the matching bow ties and pocket handkerchiefs cut from the shirting. A fascinated colored washroom attendant who once observed him in the clubhouse at Saratoga stared for a minute and then said with awe, "All that man need is a gold horseshoe front and back and he have the prettiest racing colors in America."

WHENEVER Howard gets an idea he considers good, he walks into an office adjoining his own and tries it out on William W. Hawkins, chairman of the board of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, who has been his closest ally inside the organization since both were youngsters working for the Scripps wire service, the United Press, thirty years ago. Hawkins is a broad-bodied, placid, red-faced man who gazes at you benignly through gold-rimmed spectacles. There is nothing exotic about his office. It is traditionally American-executive in motif, and is adorned with a large portrait of Will Rogers by Leon Gordon. Howard owns 13.2 per cent and Hawkins 6.6 per cent of the stock of the E. W. Scripps Company, which holds over fifty per cent of the voting stock of each of the more than fifty separately incorporated Scripps-Howard enterprises. According to its financial statement for 1939, the E. W. Scripps Company's net worth was $43,161,753, making Howard's and Hawkins' stakes in it roughly $5,611,027 and $2,805,513, respectively. Its net earnings in that year were $1,530,000. The other 80.2 per cent of the stock is owned by the Edward W. Scripps Trust, which was established by the Scripps will. Robert Paine Scripps, last surviving son of the founder of the company, was sole trustee during his lifetime. The stock now is held by the trust for his three sons. The present trustees are Howard, Hawkins, and George B. Parker, the editor-in-chief of all the newspapers. The three are to be relieved of their duties in turn as Robert Paine, Jr., Charles Edward, and Samuel H., the three sons of Robert Paine Scripps, reach the age of twenty-five. Hawkins will retire as trustee in 1943, when the eldest boy reaches that age. Parker will yield his place to the second son in

"Exactly what do you mean by 'insufficient funds'?"

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1945. Howard is slated to remain until 1952 before giving way to the youngest Scripps son. Since Howard and Hawkins always vote alike, the arrangement leaves the two partners, as complementary and alliterative as a gentile Potash and Perlmutter, effectively in control of a property which includes nineteen newspapers, several newspaper syndicates, and the great United Press. Parker is a stern-looking, white-haired man, conspicuously decorated with a Phi Beta Kappa key. He was graduated from the University of Oklahoma in 1908 and is the cultural force of the triumvirate.

Until shortly after Robert Paine Scripps' death, Howard and Hawkins had no share in the parent E. W. Scripps Company, but possessed large interests in several of the individual properties it controlled, particularly the *World-Telegram*. Since, as trustees of the Edward W. Scripps Trust, they might have been suspected of favoring certain subsidiaries at the expense of others, they exchanged their holdings for shares in the E. W. Scripps Company.

If Howard and Hawkins constituted a vaudeville team, Howard would be known as the star and Hawkins as the feeder. Flashy, mercurial, and enormously energetic, Howard, in conferences with Hawkins, characteristically walks around his seated partner like an ocean traveller circumambulating a deck. Hawkins intones only brief, bass responses to Howard's rapid tenor litany and speeds or slows Howard's gyrations by increasing or diminishing the degree of what seems to be apathy in his voice. Howard expresses great faith in his intuition, but he usually seeks reassurance from others before he acts on it. He doesn't expect to be contradicted, but he does gauge the intensity of an associate's approval. A couple of unadorned yeses from an editorial writer, for example, would indicate the man's deep conviction that Howard was wrong. Hawkins is actually four months younger than Howard, who was born on January 1, 1883, but he sometimes refers to his partner as "the boy." "We would have had the boy dressed up if we'd known you were coming," he once said to a visitor when Howard stepped into his office wearing a relatively subdued arrangement of suit, shirt, and tie all in a large black-and-white hound's-tooth pattern. Hawkins has an idea that Howard's yacht is bad publicity for the firm and does his best in conversation to make it sound like a dory. "It's really not much of a yacht," he says. "I don't know what the hell he wants it for." The Jamaroy is a 110-foot power vessel which once belonged to C. F. Kettering, a vice-president of General Motors.

Howard and Hawkins made their way up in the newspaper world with

the United Press, which the elder Scripps established in 1907 after buying out a news service known as the Publishers' Press Association. They both went to work there that year. Howard's flashier qualities got him off to a faster start than Hawkins, and they assumed their present rôles in the combination almost instinctively. When Howard became president and general manager of the United Press in 1912, Hawkins became second in command. When Howard resigned in 1920 to become chairman of the board of the Scripps newspapers, Hawkins succeeded him as president of the United Press. Hawkins followed

A VISIT

Old Linnet Manor the house was called.
If apple trees and cellar stones were set
On the same day, the house was surely old;
But sound and sweet and solid yet.

It was a westward-facing house.
At the day's end I'd see the windows shine
As though it watched me nearing under the boughs;
And I was glad that it was mine.

One July afternoon I found
Three summer strangers sweating at my door.
I offered them a drink, as I was bound,
Seeing them sweltered and footsore.

Water, said they. From my cool well
What I drew up was water, but transformed
Somehow to wine as they began to swill.
Drunken as lords, they swarmed

Indoors and outdoors, high and low;
One leaning from an attic window sent
Down tidings of a beam, and from below
One pointed out a pediment.

Here was a thing unique, and here
The replica of something famous they knew
Elsewhere. Blithe as three apes turned auctioneer,
They ransacked my dwelling through.

Dealers? Not they. They named no sum,
Nor do men such uncheapening praises speak
Who have a mind to buy. It seemed they'd come
Purely from love of the antique.

As lovers they left, saying I was
The owner of a jewel beyond price.
I saw them off and turned back to my house,
But could not look it in the face.

The thought pressed in. Of two things, one:
My house, like any wife, had worn a mask,
Or I too dull a clod such graces to own.
Who lives there now I do not ask.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

• •

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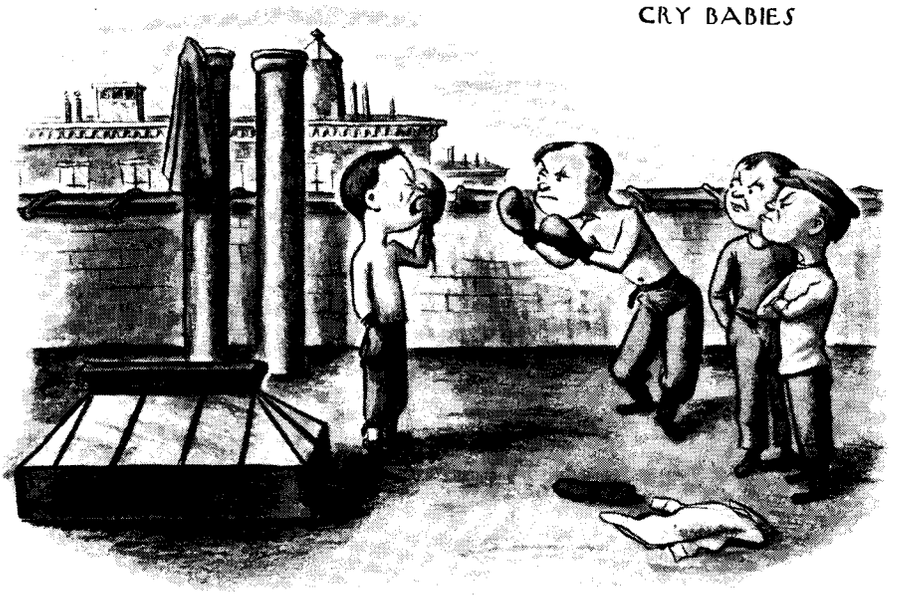
Howard to the Scripps-Howard main office in 1923. The current *Directory of Directors* lists Hawkins as an officer or director of fifty separate organizations, all within the Scripps-Howard group. Howard, possibly because of diffidence, is listed only forty-seven times.

Among the eighteen Scripps-Howard newspapers, aside from the *World-Telegram*, are the Cleveland *Press*, Pittsburgh *Press*, Cincinnati *Post*, Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, San Francisco *News*, Washington *News*, and papers in Birmingham, Indianapolis, and Columbus. Of these, the Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and Memphis papers are believed in newspaper circles to be extremely profitable and the others less so. The combined circulation of the nineteen papers is about 1,500,000, which is around three-quarters that of the New York *Daily News* and approximately three times that of the New York *Times*. Howard and Hawkins have said repeatedly that the profits of the *World-Telegram*, despite its 400,000 circulation, have been negligible. On one occasion in 1935, Howard, addressing a group of editorial employees, said that Heywood Broun's salary of approximately $40,000 was larger than the profits of the newspaper in the previous year. The United Press, a news-gathering organization that sells its news to 1,460 papers in the United States, South America, and Japan, as well as to 500 radio stations, has been said to earn a million dollars a year. There are also complementary organizations, like the Newspaper Enterprise Association, or N.E.A., a syndicate which sells news-

SMALL FRY

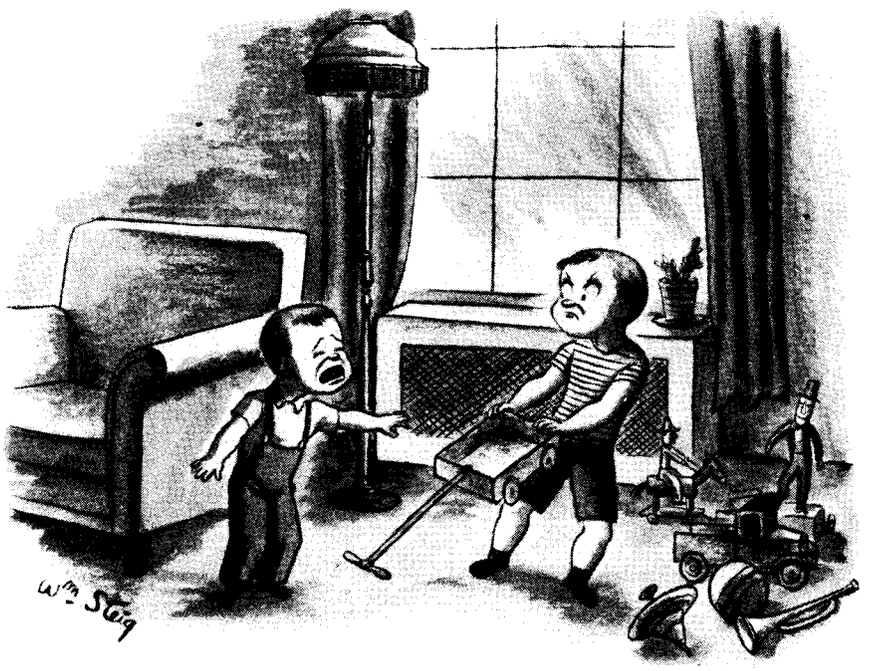
CRY BABIES



The white feather

Poor sport

Cap trouble



Seizure of property

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"It's some foolishness he picked up at college."

• •

paper features; the Acme picture service, which sells news pictures; and the United Feature Syndicate. Every Scripps-Howard paper pays a fee to the central office for "national management." Sometimes a paper which, considered as a single corporate enterprise, is just breaking even is actually a profitable Scripps-Howard property because of this fee and the fees it pays as a customer of the Scripps-Howard syndicates.

Howard says that he has not been in an office of the United Press for years and that its policy is controlled entirely by Hugh Baillie, its president, who has a much larger financial interest in that organization than either Howard or Hawkins. The E. W. Scripps Company, which Howard runs as an officer and trustee, although he owns only about thirteen per cent of its stock, holds over half of the stock in the United Press. Baillie has worked for the United Press for thirty years. It now has 1,500 full-time correspondents and 55,000 contributing part-time correspondents. The subscribers include a hundred and fifty-one papers in twenty-one Latin-American countries, the Japanese government news agency, the Osaka *Mainichi* and Tokio *Nichi-Nichi*, which are two of the most widely circulated newspapers in the world, and a cluster of customers in Europe, including thirty-three papers in Germany.

HOWARD and Hawkins are less inseparable in social life. This may be because Howard tries to regulate the big-bodied Hawkins' intake of food and drink for what he considers Hawkins' own good. He takes a maternal interest in the private life of everybody he knows. A United Press correspondent, explaining a fondness of his employer's for Orientals, once said, "Roy likes to teach them how to use chopsticks." Another time, when Howard was on a cruise ship, the vessel's social director fell ill and the publisher spent a satisfying week introducing apathetic men to patently antagonistic women and making people play deck tennis when they didn't want to. Not long afterward he bought the Jamaroy, on which he could be social director officially. He is never happier than when he has guests on his yacht to organize. Merlin H. Aylesworth, former president of the National Broadcasting Company, who was an important Scripps-Howard official for about two years after he left the radio corporation, says he once saved a leading Howard columnist from being killed by the publisher's solicitude. "Roy wanted him to go on the wagon," Aylesworth says, "and I told him, 'Roy, if that fellow goes on the wagon, he'll die.' " The columnist is still in good health.

The publisher freely volunteers advice to political candidates, plans complete careers for young women he has known three minutes, and for a year tormented a Russian portrait painter he knew with instructions for the improvement of a left eye in one of the painter's works. The maddened painter finally turned on him and shouted, "Yah, and I know who designs your shirts! The Congoleum Corporation of America!" As a matter of fact, Howard has them made for him by Walter-McCrory, on West Forty-sixth Street. Howard's willingness to run things sometimes rises to the international plane. Matsuoka, whose wife sent Mrs. Howard the cloisonné, was chief of the Japanese delegation to Geneva at the time Japan withdrew from the League of Nations. Howard was also in Geneva then. "Matsuoka never could sell me on the idea of taking Japan out of the League of Nations," Howard says, "but he tried like hell." Another Japanese project of which Howard disapproves is the appointment of Wang Ching-wei as puppet President of China. "I am personally acquainted with Wang Ching-wei," he says, "but I do not think he would make a good President."

Howard prefers as friends men whom he considers leaders in their field. This includes not only businessmen like Barton, Bernard M. Baruch, and Bernard F. Gimbel but Howard Chandler Christy and Leon Gordon, the artists; Lowell Thomas, the broadcaster; Rex Beach, Rupert Hughes, John Erskine, and Hendrik Willem van Loon, the writers; and Kent Cooper, general manager of the Associated Press. Of the entire group, Baruch is the only one who might be called a representative of finance capital. Howard grew up in Indiana with a pious, Midwestern fear of Wall Street. In general he finds the Eastern or pseudo-English type of rich man a bit stiff and prefers the company of transplanted Midwesterners like himself. Many of his friends are members of the Dutch Treat Club, a sort of Kiwanis of the arts. Howard likes the Rotarian congeniality of the club and doubtless approves of the house rule that every man pays for his own lunch. He has a feminine reluctance to part with money for anything except clothes. Sometimes he tries to make this characteristic amusing, saying blithely, "I'm Scotch," as one of his employees pays the fare for the taxi in which they have been riding or picks up a check for drinks. On other occasions, in restaurants, he determines the tip by dividing the amount of the check by ten and leaves the exact tithe, down

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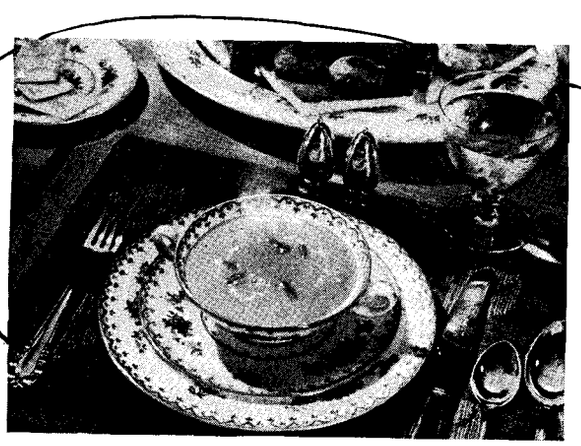
"Run along, Nora, I'm going to have an adventure in the kitchen!"

OMINOUS words, these! Such an "adventure in the kitchen" might well turn out to be a misadventure at the dining table. Truth is, Nora's gay and carefree mistress is something less than a wizard with a saucepan.

Happily, Nora has been through all this before. And she (wise soul!) in her forthright manner has taken the matter into her own large and capable hands. She has seen to it that ready and waiting on the kitchen shelf is a family favorite, tried and true...Campbell's Asparagus Soup!

This little tale would not quite be complete without its obvious moral: Why not treat your family to Campbell's Asparagus Soup? Tender springtime asparagus, fine table butter and plenty of succulent asparagus tips to grace each tempting plateful make this a soup you'll want to serve again and again, maid's day out or no!



Campbell's ASPARAGUS SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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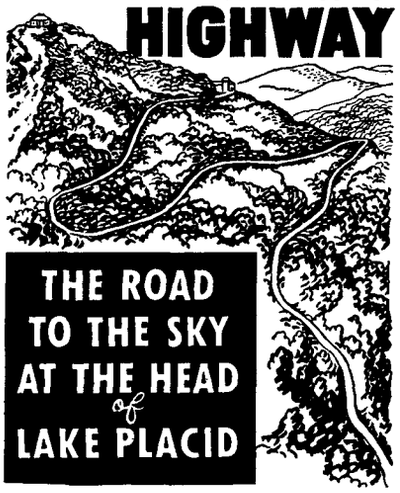
The Plaza • Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

WHITEFACE
mountain memorial
HIGHWAY



THE ROAD TO THE SKY AT THE HEAD of LAKE PLACID

A "must" for your holiday—drive your own car up this great Adirondack peak . . . 100-mile views . . . safe, easy grades.
Dine at Whiteface Castle, with the northern Adirondacks far below. Electric elevator to summit.
ON ROUTE 86 AT WILMINGTON, N. Y.
For free, illustrated folder, write Whiteface Mountain Highway Commission, Lake Placid, N. Y.

It's Always C-O-O-L on WHITEFACE

to the penny. "The so-and-so gave us the worst service I ever saw in my life," he is likely to say afterward.

The event in his life to which Howard most frequently refers in ordinary conversation is the time he had an audience, in 1933, with Hirohito, Emperor of Japan. This privilege, as the United Press was careful to explain in sending out Howard's account of the meeting, had never before been enjoyed by an American newspaperman. Howard was unfortunately unable to quote the Emperor in his newspapers, because court etiquette forbade it. However, his account of the colloquy, which ran on the front pages of all Scripps-Howard papers, left no doubt that the publisher had favorably impressed the Emperor. Howard often dates events by the momentous day. "That was two and a half years before my interview with the Emperor of Japan," he will say to a woman he meets at a dinner party, while discussing almost anything, and one associate unkindly says that Howard thinks of the Christian era as something that began 1,933 years before the historic encounter.

According to Howard's own story of the interview, Matsuoka, who, after maneuvering the Japanese out of the League of Nations at Geneva, barnstormed the United States in a dignified fashion explaining Japan's position, suggested that the publisher come to Tokio sometime and meet the Mikado. One gathers that, having business there a few months later, he dropped in on Matsuoka casually and the statesman practically dragged him through the palace gates, insisting that Hirohito would be offended if he didn't call. Newspapermen who were stationed in Tokio at the time are wont to state openly that however easy it had been for Howard, it hadn't been much of a cinch for Miles Vaughn, the United Press correspondent there, who had gone through months of diplomatic toil arranging the audience. Howard was not permitted to write much more than such general statements as "Japanese-American friendship, understanding, and coöperation are of the utmost importance to peace not only in the Far East but in the world, in the opinion of His Imperial Majesty Hirohito, Emperor of Japan." As one looks back, it is doubtful if the interview can be considered a milestone in the old endeavor of the Occident to understand the Orient.

Howard, in some moods, likes to deprecate the importance of his scoop as a journalistic accomplishment, although it is naturally impossible to deprecate anything without mentioning it. He does not wish it to obscure other achievements. "Nobody ever says anything about my knowing anything about Russia," he often complains. "I interviewed Stalin, too." The Stalin interview was in March, 1936. The publisher submitted a written list of questions before the interview and the dictator was ready with prepared answers which were read off by an interpreter. Stalin spoke harshly of Hitler and the Japanese. "The interview was devoid of forensics and dramatics," Howard wrote. ". . . the informality and ready humor which characterized the conversation are silk gloves covering an often-demonstrated iron will." Although Stalin didn't divulge much information, Howard felt that his time had not been wasted. He believed that he had a clearer understanding of the Russian situation. On his return to New York he told ship-news reporters that Russia had the kind of government the people wanted and that any businessman could see that it was going to last, a statement he has since referred to as illustrating his openmindedness. "Stalin is a little fellow," he told the ship-news men, "not as tall as I am."

Howard also had an interview with Hitler in 1936, but his impression of him was not so happy. "I only got a chance to say four or five words," he says. "Every time I said something to the interpreter Hitler let loose with an oration in German." It was one of the rare occasions in Howard's life on which he has been talked down.

—A. J. Liebling

(This is the first of four articles on Mr. Howard. The second will appear next week.)

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "Mind, Mechanism, and Adaptive Behavior," by Clark L. Hull, in the Psychological Review*]

Theorem XI. Organisms capable of acquiring functionally potent anticipatory reactions intimately associated with the reinforcing state of affairs will manifest a weakened tendency to the consummatory reaction if, at the completion of the action sequence, the state of affairs then presented does not permit the occurrence of the complete reaction of which the anticipatory reaction is a constituent part.

Corollary I. Organisms will display disappointment.

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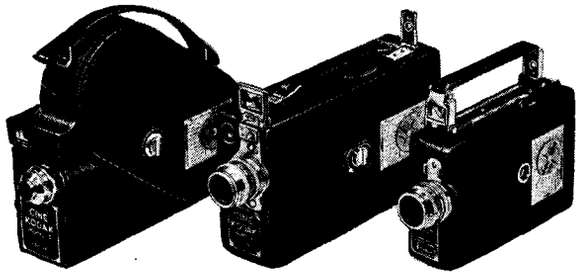

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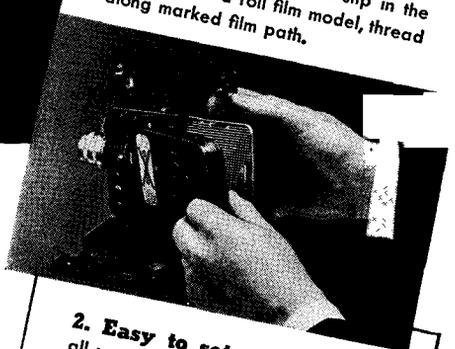
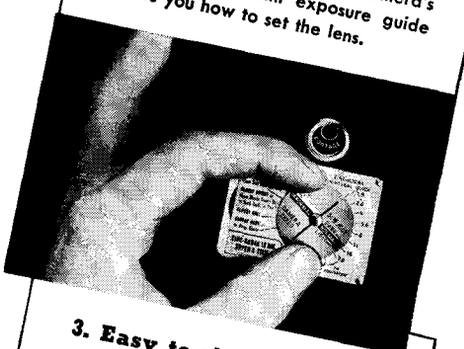
1. Easy to load . . . If it's a magazine model, as below, just slip in the magazine. If a roll film model, thread along marked film path.



2. Easy to set . . . The camera's all-purpose, all-film exposure guide shows you how to set the lens.



3. Easy to sight and shoot . . . Aim camera, press exposure button—and you're making movies.

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All I said was..."There's no more

SARATOGA VICHY!"

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77TH ANNIVERSARY

SARATOGA RACES

STAKE EVENTS

Sat., Aug. 2—U.S. HOTEL STAKES
MERCHANTS & CITIZENS HANDICAP

Tues., Aug. 5—SARATOGA SALES STAKES

Wed., Aug. 6—THE SARANAC HANDICAP

Fri., Aug. 8—THE SHILLELAH STEEPLECHASE
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Take DIRECT SHIP to NEW BEDFORD
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COLONIAL LINE

OF ALL THINGS

THUS far, the democracies' appeasement policy has failed in Germany, Italy, Vichy France, Spain, and Japan. We peace-lovers are forced to admit that this is beginning to look like a losing streak.

•

The freezing of Japanese funds, like the occupation of Iceland, is good hot-weather stuff. At this time, such things are much more welcome than a fireside chat.

•

The Nazis have a reasonable explanation for the slowing down of their drive into Russia. Their armies have encountered bad rains, bad roads, and bad Reds.

•

Experts say that the communiqués of the German Army High Command are no longer reliable. Hitler has taken personal charge and stamped out the silly practice of truth-telling.

•

Alf Landon, while agreeing that we must keep the Army intact, blames President Roosevelt for the dangerous situation we are in. Equally competent score-keepers credit Hitler with an assist.

•

It is revealing no military secret to announce that our recruiting stations will not display the slogan "Join the Army and get post cards from Wheeler."

•

Authorities disagree about the best way to cure automobile manufacturers of the habit of making cars. Dr. Roosevelt seems to favor the tapering-off method.

•

Frank Hague, defeated by Edison in the Battle of Trenton, has taken up a strong position at Jersey City. He can hold out there for years and maybe forever.

•

A broken water main flooded the subway at Union Square, where left-wingers often air their views. In the good old days of early June, there would have been dark hints of Red sabotage.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents his
TWO PRIZE-WINNING PLAYS

LILLIAN HELLMAN'S
"WATCH ON THE RHINE"
Lucile Watson • Paul Lukas • Mady Christians
MARTIN BECK Theatre, W. 45 St., Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Drama Critics' Circle Awards 1941

ETHEL BARRYMORE in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
by EMLYN WILLIAMS
NATIONAL Theatre, W. 41 St.
Evgs. 8:40. No Mon. Perfs.
Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.
Air-Conditioned Theatres

"A PERFECT COMEDY" —ATKINSON, Times

LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY

Air-Conditioned
EMPIRE Theatre

"A SMASH HIT!" — Walter Winchell
B. G. DE SYLVA presents
ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of B'way. (Air-Conditioned)
Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"SEASON'S BEST COMEDY"
—Whipple, W. Tel.

MY SISTER EILEEN
AIR-CONDITIONED
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
AIR-CONDITIONED

"BRILLIANT." Watts, Her. Trib.

PAL JOEY

GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical comedy hit
BOOK by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS & HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL and GENE KELLY
Barrymore Thea., W. 47 St., Air-Cond. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURES

CAPITOL B'WAY and 51st St.
AIR-COOLED
Current Attraction
"RINGSIDE MAISIE"
starring ANN SOTHERN
with George Murphy • Robt. Sterling
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Held Over Third Week
GINGER ROGERS
"TOM, DICK AND HARRY"
George Murphy • Alan Marshal • Burgess Meredith
An RKO Radio Picture
Gala Stage Revue • Symphony Orchestra
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved • Circle 6-4600

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THE RACE TRACK

Surprise at Arlington, Question Mark at Saratoga

EVERYTHING at Saratoga is just about as it always was: the parade of horseplayers on Broadway, the crowds at the mineral springs, the touts around the telegraph office sending the same old stuff ("weather clear, track fast, wire more money"), the rocking-chair trainers on the hotel verandas, and even a few of the old bookmakers—improvident ones who are now behind the tote windows, selling tickets.

Unlike other New York tracks, Saratoga didn't lose its old atmosphere with the change-over to pari-mutuels. This season the only new machine-age touch is the board—and it isn't a very big board—on which the winning daily-double pay-off is posted. For the benefit of masochists, complete lists of what the losing doubles combinations would have paid if they had won are posted in a dozen places around the track.

The principal changes in the racing program are the shifting of the Saratoga Handicap from the first Saturday of the meeting to the fourth and the running of the four important steeplechases on Fridays. As for other races you should see, the United States Hotel Stakes and the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap will be run this weekend, the Saratoga Sales Stakes next Tuesday (the yearling sales begin the night before), the Schuylerville Stakes on August 8th, the Saratoga Special and the Alabama Stakes on August 9th, the Kenner Stakes on August 12th, and the Spinaway and the Travers Stakes on August 16th. That ought to be enough for your engagement book for now.

In case you want to bother with tips these hot days, Shut Out, the Greentree Stable's fastest two-year-old, is going to run for the United States Hotel Stakes. Also, Thomas Hitchcock has a grand young jumper named Redlands, who is decidedly worth remembering.

IF it were not something to cry over, it would be sort of amusing to recall how recently almost everybody thought Whirlaway was unbeatable. Now the second-guessers are saying they knew all along that Attention would beat him in the Classic Stakes at Arlington. They insist that his last race before the Classic, a race he won by lengths from something with the puzzling name of Daily Trouble, wasn't sparkling, all of which may explain to you (though it doesn't to me) why Whirlaway was 2–5 at Chicago while Attention paid $21. Doubtless there are excuses for Whirlaway. The most obvious is that he was unaccustomed to Shelhamer, who rode him, and might have done better for his usual rider, Arcaro, who had been suspended. Maybe he is a one-jockey horse. I wouldn't know.

Attention, as you may have heard, is a bay colt by Equipoise out of Fizzaz; he is owned by Mrs. Parker Corning and was foaled on her farm near Albany. He was not trained for the Kentucky Derby because his owner wanted him to be in his best form for Saratoga. Apparently he has reached it. The question of what is going to happen when Attention and Whirlaway meet in the Travers has got lots of horseplayers wondering already.

EVERY now and then, or at least once a fortnight, some horse doesn't get all the credit he deserves. Belatedly, I am sticking a few stars on Requested, who has won seven of the ten starts he's made, five of them stake races. Just for that, I suppose he'll finish fifth in the United States Hotel Stakes. I repeat, though, that up to now he has done pretty well. In the Wakefield Handicap at Empire City last Saturday he carried 124 pounds, led all the way, and won by a head from Apache, to whom he gave 14 pounds. His prize winnings amount to $30,650. Ben Whitaker, a Texan who has a small stable, bought him for $1,300 at the Saratoga sales last August.

DIOGENES CHECKPOINTS says he came across this advertisement in *The Blood-Horse*, one of his favorite magazines: "Wanted to trade; beautiful baby grand piano, three months old, for race horse. Must have first-class breeding." He says that so long as you can have a young piano it doesn't matter how old your horses are.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

DEAR MRS. POST: If as a guest you upset a glass of water, what should you say?
Answer—"I'm very sorry!" and then sop it up as best you can with your napkin.
—*Chicago Daily News.*

And all these years we've been saying "Oop!"

SUN BRIGHT?
"DRINK LIGHT!"
SAYS UNCLE JEFF

Here's a pleasant antidote
When the dog-days "get your goat":
If you'd keep cool, fresh and sprightly,
Learn to treat the heat-wave *lightly!*

Go *light* in your food and dress;
Work *light;* play *light;* shun excess.
Drinks? A frosty Collins, chum,
Made with *light* Bolero Rum.

What? A Rum that's dry and *light?*
You bet! Bolero Rum's just right!
It has that Puerto Rican flavor
With a tang your taste will favor.

Try this lighter "cool-off" way
Enjoy Bolero Rum . . . today!

White Label for Cocktails
Gold Label for tall drinks

86 Proof — Sole U. S. Agents,
Comex Wine and Spirits, Inc., N. Y.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE coming season, I foresee, is going to be a highly prosperous one for label-sewer-inners. What with all the new rules and regulations that are bound to make the insides of our dresses look like a series of car-card advertisements, these gnomes can't help but be in for plenty of work. Anything with a smitch of wool in it must carry a label explaining whether the wool is pure or otherwise; many New York dress manufacturers are planning to sew in a second label plugging themselves and indirectly boosting Manhattan as the new fashion centre of the world; and most shops, of course, will go right on as they always have done, tacking in their own labels. That makes three already, and the end may not be in sight.

All this is something of an aside, as it has nothing in particular to do with the collection of autumn clothes at Jay-Thorpe, which is perfect. Sleeker things you have never seen, and they should be a boon to massage experts, for they will not tolerate an extra pound anywhere on you. They are so attractive that women buy them on the hottest days and then pine for a chilly spell. These clothes are simple, made on long, slender lines, with lower waists than we've been having and skirts that are pencil-slim. I dote on them, but watch out—the chemise dress of the twenties may be sneaking up on us. The J.-T. suits, as usual, are superb, with jackets that are long and close-fitting. One in nubbly red wool ties at the waistline and is worn over a clinging dress of smooth wool to match. A dirty-green tunic-style affair, also nubbly and also with a wool dress, is banded at the hem with the same rough fabric. Hemline treatment is a favorite trick here and appears again in a black suit bound with Persian lamb, which also trims the dress beneath. If you're on the small side and prefer your jacket short, there's a taupe sheer wool that has a long-sleeved bolero and a dress decked out with bands of scalloped velveteen. Gadabouts will admire a purple velveteen suit that has a peplum jacket and a white organza ruche—just right for cocktail parties and going on to the theatre.

As I've already suggested, many of the dresses at this shop are designed to make you look as if you had been poured into them. Among these is a beige-and-brown striped heavy wool day dress that wraps the figure in barber-pole fashion; a more formal black afternoon one is a beguiling contradiction, for its bodice has a chin-high neck that gives it a vampire touch and its skirt, though draped, achieves an air of innocence because of its long, cherry-red sash. Jay-Thorpe seem to like red and off-red shades and show a group of dresses that includes a tailored reddish-purple wool jersey with, for once, enough fullness below its elongated bodice to let you burst into a fandango, should you find such an impulse irresistible; a fuchsia wool one with a V décolletage and a twisted belt in an effectively clashing scarlet; and a bright-red affair with a tapering peplum in front that's a cross between an apron and a jabot.

If you can bear the thought of fur coats at the moment, you will find Jay-Thorpe's mighty tempting. My choice, made of white broadtail lamb, is something they call a trench coat and looks sort of like one, only it is shorter and less grim. It fastens with gold-metal buttons (no trench coat ever did that before, even in the Czar's Imperial Guard) and it should be as right for cool summer evenings outdoors as for opening night at the opera. Black broadtail, soft as moiré, is cut on the bias and made into a sort of mandarin coat which could be worn for any number of occasions. A long Persian-lamb cape coat is distinctive because it has a graceful full-length cape back and a slender coat front. Someone should have thought of that before.

IT will come as no surprise at all to learn that Bendel's autumn hats are just what you need to give a lift to your first fall outfits. Most of the hats here

"Surely this can't be the same Mrs. Parcher who walked in here an hour ago!"

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aren't a bit wintry; in fact, many are in pastels, which the shop feels are becoming to a waning sunburn. When Bendel uses veils, as it often does, they are practically birdcages—high and narrow above the crown and swooping down over the face wide and full. Lots of the hats are made entirely of feathers and are so soft-looking they'd turn the doughtiest Amazon into a fragile type: navy and pink feathers are combined in a pompadour pillbox that resembles a bird's nest made of baby ribbon; a small, high-crowned, claret-colored sailor has a huge peony stuck smack in its front; a larger one of aqua has a fringed brim, feather mushrooms atop its flat crown, and a facing of a darker shade of blue—absolutely beautiful. Feathers work out just as trimming, too, on a clover-colored crêpe calotte, where they look like a whiskbroom towering above the forehead, or on a lake-blue velvet tam-o'-shanter which is pierced with a curled ostrich quill.

Bendel has revived the peach-basket hat, with the observation that it has great "fashion significance," whatever that may mean. It seems smaller and narrower than I'd thought the old ones were, but then I haven't seen such a hat since I went to Sunday school. This new version comes in wine-colored felt trimmed with a huge, perky grosgrain bow, or in black with a pleated frill, to soften the face, and long streamers. There are some fascinating large hats, inspired, Bendel says, by the ones Julia Marlowe used to wear. I dearly treasure one in black velvet with a double brim (they're fond of double brims around here) and a net veil which may be tied or draped at the throat; a more tailored one in brown with a braided edge and a veil, too; and another black velvet hat with a jagged brim and a crimson poinsettia. You'll find them all on the second floor.

THE newest whimsy at John-Frederics, called the windblown beret, covers the coiffure so completely that you won't have to give hairdressers a thought, even if you cheat and show a bit of pompadour. The hats of this type are usually in brown or black jersey to contrast with day clothes, which, it is expected here, are going to be bright. Some look like gathered hoods and fall in long, soft folds at the back and sides—very becoming. Others cling to the head and have fullness only across the back, sort of dwarf-cap style; these were designed to go with collarless coats or dresses when furs aren't worn, to do away with that homely back-of-the-neck look. They're perfectly wonderful and I hope they catch on like anything. If you need height, there are slashing felt hats that serve the same purpose. They turn up sharply in front and shoot way down at the back, right to the shoulderblades, but the felt is so soft that it may be rolled up and pinned as high as you wish if you can't bear to part with the hat when wearing a collared number. The crowns are lined with gay shantung, as John and Fred think things should be pretty inside as well as out. They favor a longish bob but insist that it be swept up at the sides when you wear a hat. They take care of this problem capably by presenting a series of pert crocheted saucers that have tabs with pins attached dangling from cords at either side like glorified ear muffs. These not only hold back your locks but anchor the hat and serve as trimming. Other crocheted hats have as their only adornment an enlarged hairpin, practically key-to-the-city size, thrust through their pancake crowns.

When it comes to evening hats, John-Frederics supply you with what they call "things" and then recklessly turn you loose to play at being your own milliner. They like to start you off with a black lace veil that covers your head and face and add a tiny cap of net or velvet. At this point you're on your own and are supposed to toss on handsome doodads according to your mood. Among such doodads at the shop, I noticed pins dripping gold-metal or jet-bead fringe (these are called wisteria clusters, because they droop, I suppose, although they suggest corkscrew curls to me), crocheted wings, curlicues, and feathers. For gala occasions, there are tinselled pins, in fireworks shades, that are something special; use them and you'll gleam like a firefly. Of course, you can fool the management and place the ornaments right in your hair without the veil and cap; nobody will mind. If trimming evening hats is not your forte, there are plenty of others made up and waiting for you. One is a tiara turban, the establishment's name for a small cap that has a high twist and comes in luscious panne velvet. This sits well back, and if you feel up to it, you might tuck in a fancy pin or two. —M. M.

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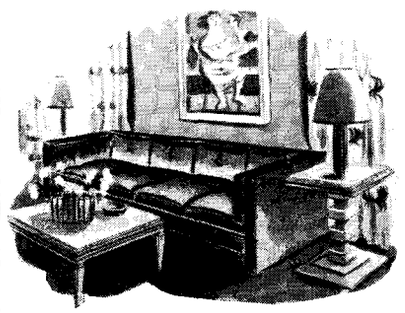
The Minister would be glad to see any of your friends troubled in any way. —*From a blotter distributed by a Staten Island church.*

Where's the old Christian spirit?

the MODERN furniture Sale of the year!



This year, more than ever before, early action on your furniture needs is well rewarded in our Midsummer Sale! Just as we have anticipated, we advise you to plan and buy **NOW** . . . even for delivery in September or October!

Our Store is Air-conditioned!

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162 East 33rd St.
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CAFE LOUIS XIV
NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
CUISINE CLASSIQUE · VINS FINS · BAR AMERICAIN
AIR CONDITIONED
LUNCHEON Prix-Fixe 1.50
PRE-THEATRE DINNER from 6 P. M. 2.00
A LA CARTE SPECIALTIES
JACQUES BONAUDI, MGR · PHONE CIRCLE 6-5800
15 W. 49th ST. in ROCKEFELLER CENTER

BE AT PEACE!
after enjoying the superb mint juleps and delicious Summer dishes in the cool comfort of
THE Hearthstone 15 East 48th Street
Open Sundays

There's just space to say we're 2,000 feet high, at the top of the Shawangunk Mountains, 77 miles from New York, with cheerful rooms, fine food, moderate rates, splendid golf course, tennis courts, Summer theatre with N.Y. Equity players. Restricted clientele.
CRAGSMOOR INN Cragsmoor New York

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The Johnson Suture Corporation, in a series of ⅔-page advertisements in this publication, has been advocating the necessity for physical recreation among the civilian population of this country. It seems then, at this time entirely proper and fitting to give our support to the U.S.O. drive for recreational facilities for our military forces.

Therefore, the difference between the cost of this ⅙-page announcement and that of our regular ⅔ page, some $575.00, is being forwarded to the local chapter of the U. S. O.

JOHNSON'S Chrome Twist 4 BAR BRAND TENNIS GUT

JOHNSON SUTURE CORPORATION
5001 West 67th Street Chicago, Illinois

THE STARLIGHT ROOF
Xavier Cugat With His Orchestra
FRAKSON
HERMANOS WILLIAMS
EVELYN TYNER
LINA ROMAY
MIGUELITO VALDES
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

BROOK HOUSE, Brookhaven, L. I.
Just off Route 27 Near Post Office
Telephone Bellport 394

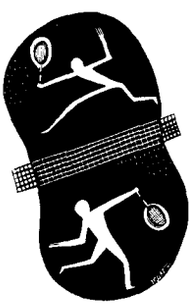
Under great shade trees, by a cool trout stream, serving delicious luncheons, teas, and dinners—wines and cocktails.

WORLD'S FINEST VERMOUTH
NUYENS
DRY VERMOUTH 97¢ SWEET VERMOUTH
Made in America
Alcoholic Content 18% by Volume
Vintage Wines, Inc., N. Y. • Sole Distributors

THE TENNIS COURTS

Cookes and Spikes

IT'S not often that a gallery can get its teeth into a match like the women's final at Sea Bright last Sunday, in which Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Cooke beat Miss Helen Bernhard. The spectacle was fraught with the sort of high-powered allegory that bucks up tennis audiences like a concentrated vitamin preparation. Experience, a spectator could tell himself, was tussling with Aggressive Youth. Or, if given to pithier phrases, he could say happily that Brains was versus Brawn. This would be libelling Miss Bernhard somewhat, since you'd hardly call her foolish, but it would be a rough approximation. Mrs. Cooke, in winning two sets out of three, not only proved that she had been around longer but also showed that she was doing the heavier thinking. She understood that slugging from the baseline has its flaws, and she exploited those flaws with a will. Miss Bernhard, possibly because it's the best thing she is at, continued to slug. She tossed in an occasional drop shot and went to the net now and again, both of which maneuvers are a little foreign to her, but mainly she stuck to the swat system. It won her the first set and it tired her opponent noticeably. On the other hand, it didn't freshen Miss Bernhard any either, so in the next two sets she was a readier victim for Mrs. Cooke's efficient volleying and sharply angled drives.



Mrs. Cooke, in the course of her career, has done a good bit of repair work on her game, and this year seems finally to have eliminated the major squeaks and knocks. Her husband, Elwood T., who works for the Wilson sporting-goods people, has quit tennis in favor of his job but keeps his hand in by coaching the missus. With an improved forehand, which she learned from Tom Stow, a California teacher, and a consciousness of her destiny, which her husband tells her is to cop the national title, Mrs. Cooke makes a promising Trilby. Alice Marble is no longer an amateur, Helen Jacobs seems tired, and things look generally bright for the matron from Brookline, who has won a number of doubles championships but has always had some superwoman overshadowing her in singles. As of Sea Bright, she is undefeated so far this season, and if she can continue to get by Miss Bernhard, she should be in.

THE old argument as to whether players should be allowed to wear spikes reared its head among the menfolk at Sea Bright. Mulloy, in his semi-final match with Riggs, and Sabin, in his with Schroeder, lost their footing repeatedly and landed literally on their knees before the tournament committee, begging for new shoes like a crap shooter. Sabin fell so many times that he acquired a sort of routine—stroke, three running steps, slide, bang!—varied occasionally by omitting the stroke. Neither man got into the final round with this technique, but Sabin, a more effective pleader with the committee, at least won his spikes. The subject never came up in the Riggs-Schroeder final, probably because Schroeder was sick of it and Riggs was having an easy enough time winning with rubber soles. Using footwork that, to Sabin and Mulloy, must have compared favorably with a mountain goat's, he took the match 6–4, 6–4, 6–0.

This spike business comes up almost every year at Sea Bright, and whatever the explanation—the rich Jersey dew, perhaps—it is beginning to pall on the committee. They hold that the membership of the Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club is piqued enough at being kept off the courts during the invitation tournament without having to play on pock-marked surfaces when it is finally allowed back on. One day last week, a couple of invitees who had been eliminated in the early rounds asked what court they could have for a practice game. They were assigned to a particularly unattractive one in an isolated corner of the grounds. "We can't play on that," they said. "Why not?" said a club member. "*We'll* have to for the rest of the summer." —D. E. L.

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Northwest Organizer, official organ of the Minneapolis Teamsters Joint Council*]

That's a lot of fish—39 pounds. And all in one piece. But Brother Cremer says, "For sheer tricks, fight and stamina, give me a small-mouthed lass at sundown, any time."

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

EMORY UNIVERSITY
EMORY UNIVERSITY, GA.
JULY 23, 1941

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

MR. H. L. MENCKEN's story of the Baltimore fire of 1904 and his subsequent adventures as the editor of an exiled newspaper lose none of their interest because the Baltimore *Morning Herald* was not, as he would have us believe, the newspaper published farthest from its home base. To let such a statement stand would be to detract from the glory of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal's* history and from the memory of the bravery of numerous other Southern newspapers which fled before the advancing Yankee armies during the Civil War.

In April, 1862, when the fall of Memphis seemed certain, the editors of the *Appeal* were making preparations for the paper's removal:

> The *Appeal* will continue to be issued punctually in Memphis as long as the city is in possession of the Confederate authorities. Should it, however, be occupied by the enemy, taking a lesson from the despotic suppression of the Nashville journals by Andrew Johnson, we shall discontinue its publication here and remove to some point in Mississippi where we can express our political sentiments and still breathe the pure and untainted air of Southern freedom.

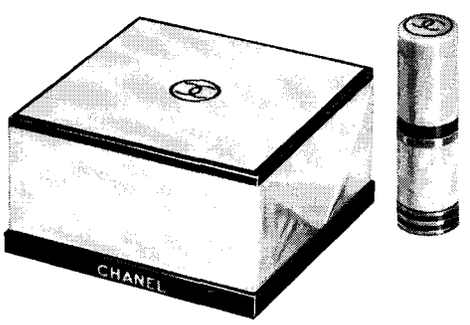
When the Federal forces arrived in the city early in June, they found that the *Appeal*, its equipment loaded on a boxcar, had made good its escape to Grenada, Mississippi. The *Appeal* did not become a Grenada paper but continued to print news from Memphis, all of it surreptitiously obtained. One of its wartime functions was bringing broken-up families together after they had been dispersed by Federal forces. It proudly proclaimed, "No matter where you go in your exile, you can write your friends in care of our office at Grenada and they can do the same." But Grenada was only a hundred miles from Memphis, and the Baltimore *Morning Herald* was published that far away from home.

After less than six months in Grenada, the *Appeal* had to move again, this time to Jackson, Mississippi. Before the end of its wanderings the paper was to move four more times—to Meridian, Mississippi; Atlanta, Georgia; Montgomery, Alabama; and Columbus, Georgia.

Established at Atlanta on June 6,

CHANEL SHADES
FOR SUMMER LOVELINESS

Superbly smart shades of lipstick and powder to dramatize your tan. A flower-fresh fragrance to keep you cool and crisp. Created with a subtlety utterly Chanel. Dedicated to your summer loveliness.



Chanel Glamour Face Powder... Gypsy, dark and radiant... Dusky, medium with gold tones... and Southern Tan with rose beige undertones... perfumed with No. 5 or Gardenia $2.00

Chanel Glamour Lipstick. Vivid "Glamour" Red to complement the entire range of blues, beige and natural tones... deep Damask Rose exciting with white, navy or black $1.50

Chanel Talcum Powder scented with Chanel No. 5, Gardenia, or Russia Leather. Generous size, $1.50 . Large size, $2.50

Chanel Eau de Cologne perfumed with Chanel No. 5, Gardenia, No. 22, or Russia Leather. 3 sizes . . . $1.65 to $5.50

CHANEL

No. 5, Glamour, No. 22, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Chanel, Inc., New York

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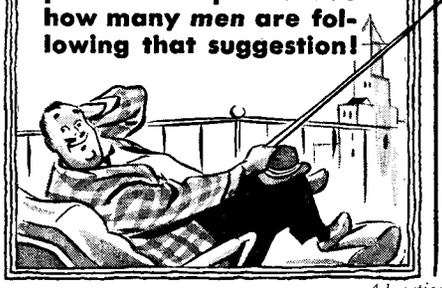
this business of being half-starved all the time just for the sake of getting a little slimmer is so much nonsense and I told her very frankly, Agnesia, I said, all you do is send a penny postcard to S. B. Thomas, Inc., 33-01-A Queens Boulevard, Long Island City and ask them for a free copy of their Keep-Slim Booklet and then just keep a sensible eye on what you eat each day and when it comes to bread you just stick to Thomas' Protein Bread and you'll soon be getting into dresses you don't even dare take a squinting look at now. Well! You can see for yourself what it's done for her—why Arbuthnot says she looks and dresses five years younger and

BULGERNON BELTT SAYS:

If you don't stun easily, just check up and see how many *men* are following that suggestion!



YOU CAN EAT *THIS* BREAD

and Have Your Figure, too!

You're slimming! But you don't like hunger pangs. All right. Eat bread. Eat bread that *tastes* good. Eat bread *enriched* with helpful Vitamin B_1. Eat Thomas' Protein Bread. Because it's low in starch; low in calories. Only 29 calories to the average quarter-inch slice. Flavor unmatched. Texture that makes it a delight to bite into. Your grocer promised us to let you have a loaf, next time you call.

THOMAS' PROTEIN BREAD

then I told her Thomas' 100% Whole Wheat Bread has *always* been naturally enriched, and has an amazing amount of Vitamin B_1 and Vitamin B_2 and iron and calcium in natural form, and as to flavor, well, you just ought to see my youngsters go for it.

Advertisement

FOR A LONG REFRESHING DRINK···

MEET "CHARLEY COLLINS"
(Tom's brother from Jamaica)

Has the sparkle of a collins—plus a more intriguing flavour! Made, of course, with

***Charley's* ROYAL RESERVE**

JAMAICA RUM — 97 PROOF

Sole U. S. Agents: "21 Brands" Inc., New York

EXTRA SPECIAL! **Two of Manhattan's finer apartments now are available at HIGH VALUE rentals at**

Parc Vendome

6 Rooms • 7 Rooms

Studio with fireplace, 29 x 20. Terraces on three sides. Gallery. Two master chambers each with sumptuous baths, one with spacious dressing room. Dining Room. Modern kitchen and pantry. Maid's room and bath. Five and six large closets. Solarium in 7-room suite.

• Swimming pool in building . . . Famous Castleholm restaurant . . . Optional maid service.

340 West 57th Street Telephone Circle 7-6990

WM. A. WHITE & SONS *Established 1868* — *Just West of Broadway*

Duplex Studio

On the 22nd floor with two private terraces. The studio is 2 stories high with large dining gallery and complete kitchen. Two master chambers and baths.

LIVE IN TUDOR CITY

AND WALK TO BUSINESS

Fred F. French Management Co., Inc.

3 Blocks East of Grand Central at 42nd St.

1863, only a year after leaving Memphis, the *Appeal* could boast that it had been the object of special search as soon as the Yankees had taken Jackson, and could say:

> We flatter ourselves our evacuation was a masterly one—and it was accomplished without loss, notwithstanding a number of shots were fired across Pearl River at our rear guard by the disappointed Yankees.

Despite woeful shortages of paper and ink, printers and reporters, the *Appeal* continued to be issued in Atlanta until the fall of that city to Sherman on September 1, 1864. The main presses of the paper had headed for Montgomery early in July, when Atlanta came under fire of the Yankee guns, but broadside newssheets were issued by the *Appeal* right up to the day the city was taken by Sherman.

On into 1865, the *Appeal* was published in Montgomery, but it had to flee once again, this time across the Chattahoochee River to Columbus, Georgia. There its presses were finally captured and its editor, Colonel Benjamin F. Dill, put on bond not to publish the paper any more until the war was over.

The *Appeal* was not the only paper published far from its home base during the war. The Knoxville *Bulletin* and the Chattanooga *Rebel* were, for a time, published in Atlanta. After the fall of Atlanta, two of her own papers, the Atlanta *Intelligencer* and the *Southern Confederacy*, had to flee, respectively, to Griffin and Macon, Georgia. A few issues of a Winchester, Virginia, paper were published more than six hundred miles from home, in Harris County, Georgia.

There were many peripatetic camp papers published by soldiers on both sides of the Civil War, but it was their nature to be published in first one town and then another. They cannot aptly be compared with the dailies and weeklies which were published as true exiles—one, two, four, six hundred miles from home.

Very truly yours,
RICHARD B. HARWELL,
In charge of special collections

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Chicago Tribune*]

Walter H. Strom Jr., 28, of 7811 Greenfield avenue, River Forest, whom she divorced March 24 on grounds of cruelty, paid $50,000 at the time of the divorce and $85,000 yesterday, according to Cantwell's declaration. He also turned over two mounted fish which Mrs. Strom caught in Wisconsin.

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A REPORTER IN ENGLAND

MR. BEVIN CALLS ON THE LADIES

ONE Saturday last April, the long-awaited drive by Labour Minister Ernest Bevin to get Britain's womanpower harnessed to the war effort took its first step forward along what is, for England, a very unfamiliar path indeed. On that day all twenty-year-old Englishwomen—some three hundred thousand of them—were required to register in a draft making them subject to call "for service of national importance" anywhere, in any sort of job, and at any pay their government may see fit. Subsequently, those of twenty-one were summoned and the reach of the net will probably be extended as the nation puts more and more of its young women to work on tasks that range from typing to farming and from tending children in nurseries to tending lathes in munitions factories.

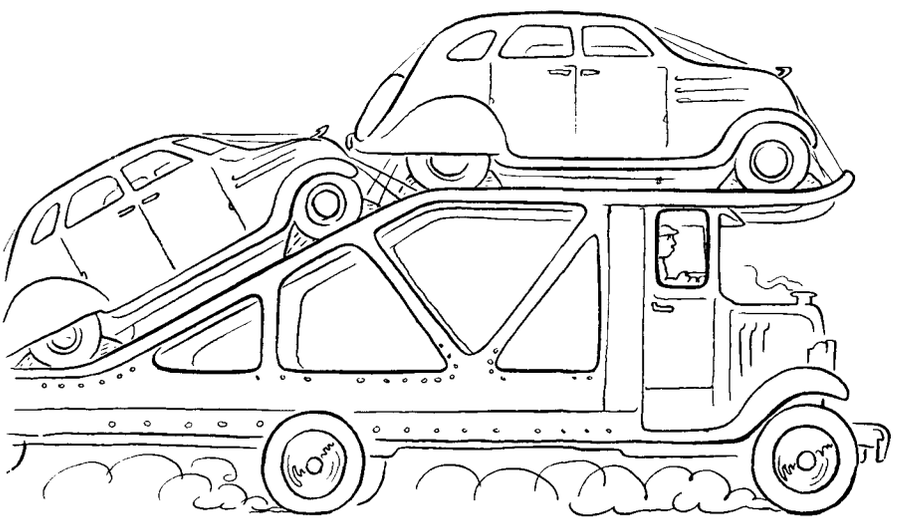
After the registration cards were in, they were sorted into five categories to determine each registrant's current status and her relative availability for the draft: the unemployed, the unoccupied (not looking for a job), the part-time workers, the full-time workers, and the housewives. The next step was to call the young ladies by categories and interview each one to decide whether she was already doing work of importance to the nation or had some other special reason for exemption, and, if not, to assign her to that branch of the national service in which she would probably prove the most valuable. It was generally understood that, while every girl able to work must work, as much consideration as possible would be given to each recruit's preferences in the way of a job.

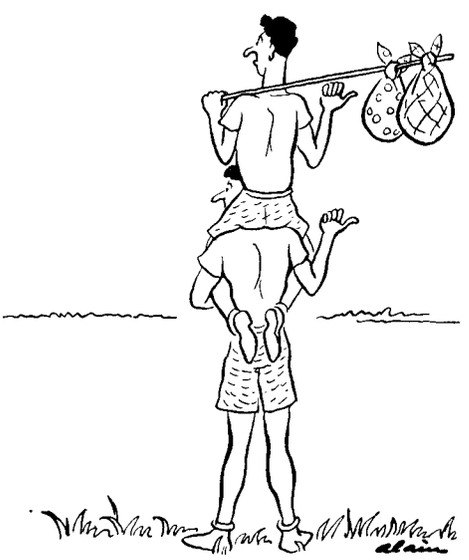
THE interviews have been in progress in Ministry of Labour offices all over the country. I visited one such office not long ago, where the unemployed, the first category to be called, were still being interviewed. It was in a seaside town in which, I was told, I would get a pretty good cross section of the work. The building was a typically austere hive for public servants, not at all calculated to inspire confidence in the timid female bosom, and I wasn't surprised to see that the four or five girls who were sitting in an anteroom awaiting interviews were looking somewhat apprehensive, as though they were anticipating a session with the dentist which would probably hurt and at best couldn't be agreeable. On the wall there were some posters, which presumably they were meant to study, of radiant young women in various service uniforms. The potential recruits could contemplate, as they waited, the relative attractions of the women's auxiliary Army, Navy, and Air Force service caps or the charms of a nurse's coif and the smock of a jolly land girl waving a pitchfork.

I told an attendant what I was there for and was taken to the interviewing room just across the way, where I was introduced to the woman officer in charge. She was seated behind a table, beside which two chairs were drawn up cozily—one for the prospective worker and the other in case a girl brought along a mother or friend for moral support. "We expected a rush of mothers," the officer said, "but so far we haven't had many." She was a pleasant, sensible-looking person in a tweed coat and skirt, the type to whom shy girls would probably open up without difficulty. The day's work had not yet begun, but there were already two other interviewers in the room, each also with a table and two chairs for prospective draftees and their companions. A woman clerk hovered about, and there was an additional table for a representative of the Women's Land Army, the agricultural branch of the national service, who would, I was told, be in shortly to talk to any of the girls who seemed to be likely material for such work.

The officer in charge explained that everything was still more or less experimental, but that so far the interviews had been taking no more than about ten minutes apiece, except in especially loquacious cases. Some of the girls, she said, had been rather resentful at the outset over the fact that the unemployed were being called first, and she assured me that the order in which the categories were to be called had been carefully thought out by the Women's Consultative Committee, a group of ladies asked by Mr. Bevin to advise the government on problems of female labor. Interviewers are told to explain this point to any bristling young thing who demands to know why she is on the mat for questioning when several of her friends aren't.

The whole technique of dealing with the girls, I gathered from the chief





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officer, is the iron hand in the soothing velvet glove. In Germany, it is improbable that a young woman would be asked politely whether she would prefer to go to a labor camp or a factory. In England, even a life-and-death struggle hasn't shaken the incorrigible British aversion to being bustled out of hand into a strange job. Draft interviewing requires especial wariness because it means, in large part, attempting to regiment girls who have not (as it was gallantly taken for granted that most would) flocked to recruiting stations of their own accord. Interviewers are warned that the word "compulsion" mustn't be allowed to rear its ugly head unless a girl turns out to be quite impervious to more tactful handling. The general atmosphere is supposed to be one of breezy confidence in each girl's willingness to take up whatever branch of the national service is suggested for her.

"Some of the girls ignore the notices we send out telling them to come and be interviewed," the woman in charge said mildly. "We give them a week between the notice and the interview, so that they can talk it over with their families and get used to the idea. Then, if they don't come in, they get a second note fixing a date for the following week." I asked what would happen if this was ignored too, and she said, "We prod them again. After that we haven't got any official instructions yet. Oh, we'll round them all up in time. The majority of them are genuinely anxious to do something to help; they only need a little advice as to what to go in for. The type we expect to have the most trouble with are in the unoccupied class—moneyed girls who have nothing to do and are trying to fluff by on a little Red Cross work or a couple of afternoons a week in a canteen. If they can produce a statement from their superior officer to say that they're indispensable there, that will be all right. If they can't, though, they'll have to take work of greater importance elsewhere."

She said that any girl with an idea about what kind of work she wanted to do was sympathetically encouraged along those lines. Interviewers were on the lookout for recruits with qualifications fitting them for specific jobs. For instance, girls with experience in caring for small children were badly needed for nursery-centre work, while cooks and stenographers were in demand for the women's auxiliary services of the Army, Navy, and Air Force. Some branches of these services were shorter of recruits than others, and it was toward these that the interviewers—"tactfully, of course," the officer said hastily—must try to guide the applicant's fancy if she showed no particular preference of her own. Under no circumstances was the applicant to be forced into employment which would mean too drastic a switch from her normal way of life. I asked whether any women were exempt besides those already holding jobs in war industries or doing other important war work, and the officer said that only mothers whose children needed their care and girls who produced medical certificates of ill health were being let off. "Also if they're pregnant," she added as an afterthought.

THE clerk had gone out to fetch in the first of the young women, and I sat down at the back of the room so that the girls wouldn't get the idea that an outsider was nosing into their affairs. "We don't want them to feel that they're being pestered," the chief officer explained earnestly. The clerk came back, ushering in a young woman, who glanced warily around as though she expected to find herself on the brink of an oubliette. She was a pink-and-white-complexioned girl who wore glasses and was neatly dressed, and she moistened her lips as she walked gingerly up to one of the desks. I noticed that the interviewer's method was to smile charmingly and say "Do sit down, won't you?" as though the young woman had just dropped in for a friendly cup of tea and a chat, meanwhile giving her a bright, professional once-over.

The girl in glasses turned out to be a model case. She answered all the questions calmly and competently. She was a stenographer, out of a job at the moment. "I don't mind going anywhere," she said. "The only thing is that my young man lives down here, and he's at home waiting to be called up. Do you think they could find me something to do here until he's sent away?" The interviewer said they might be able to fix it. The girl said she would like to try for the Wrens, the women's auxiliary arm of the Navy. She was told to come back on Friday, when a Wren recruiting officer would be there, and meanwhile to go over to the clerk and sign a form which would put her name down on the national register of persons avail-

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able for work. "Good type," the head interviewer told me afterward. "Her kind usually seems to go for the Wrens. Theirs is by far the most popular of the services, and has a very high standard, too." She went on to say that the Waafs —the Air Force girls—rank next in popularity and then comes the A.T.S. —the Auxiliary Territorial Army Service, which lots of girls seem to fight shy of because they don't fancy the drill. "Or maybe," she added indulgently, "the uniform turns the scale. The Wrens' outfit is rather becoming, while those other service caps *are* a bit grim."

A second girl had been brought in and I turned to listen to her case. She had brassy blonde hair and was a good deal made up. She told her interviewer that she had worked mostly as an usher in a cinema but she had also spent occasional summers in charge of a skittles alley in a waterfront fun fair. Apparently this glimpse of open-air life had been enough to give her the idea that she would like to try for the Land Army. The interviewer surveyed her dubiously and said that she had better go over and have a chat with the representative of the Land Army, who had just arrived and was shedding her coat at the fourth table. The head officer took me over to meet this lady, who was a pretty, gray-haired individual with blue eyes, a friendly smile, and a calm, unhurried manner, and turned out to be the wife of a peer. Around one sleeve of her expensive tweeds she wore the Land Army armlet—bright green with a red crown on it. She said that I might sit down near her table and listen to one or two interviews if I wanted to.

In the reassuring presence of the Land Army lady, the little usher, who at first had been plainly scared, quickly became human and giggly as she was asked what her father did, what she felt happiest doing, whether she was engaged to be married, and whether she could swim a hundred yards. The girl replied willingly enough, although she clearly thought the questions were silly. When the interviewer asked to see her hands, the girl stretched out a couple of chapped paws, their nails decorated with chipped, blood-red varnish, and grinned broadly at the latest of this eccentric but likable lady's requests.

"Yours are a bit small, I'm afraid," the interviewer said regretfully. "For driving a tractor you want big, strong hands, you know. It's gruelling work. Monotonous, too. You'd have to get up early, about five o'clock, and go to bed about nine-thirty. You'd have to be

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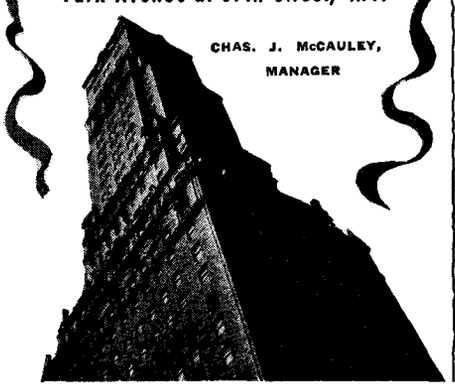

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alone a great deal, probably. No shops, no cinemas, nothing."

Finally the girl was put down as a "probable" for horticultural work, and went off. The interviewer told me that there were a certain number of jobs around which entailed greenhouse work and the like, but nothing especially heavy. "I'm not awfully hopeful about her, though," she sighed. "I know the kind. They've seen the country in the movies, where it all looks so pretty and so clean. I try to make them realize what it's like to be stuck on a farm at the back of beyond, working like a dog and up to the eyes in dirt half the time. I was in the Land Army myself in the last war, so believe me, I know. The red nails weren't a good sign either. I've got a colleague who's a pretty forthright person, and she always tells the heavily got-up ones to go home and wash their faces and then come back again. Some of them make out all right, though. After they're accepted, they're given a four weeks' training course, and then we draft them onto farms right away. We have some specially handpicked farmers who are accustomed to girls who can't tell a beet from a turnip and let the cow kick over the milk pail. The youngsters soon learn."

The next to present herself for the Land Army was a heavily built young woman with a large, highly colored face which seemed fixed in a perpetual gentle smile. She was an Irish girl called Moira, and was accompanied by a harassed-looking elder sister. While Moira answered the questions, smiling all the time like a docile child, the sister watched her anxiously. Judging from the turn the questioning presently took, it was clear that the interviewer could see why.

"Are you fond of animals, Moira?" she asked.

"Yes, Madam."

"Now, tell me, if you were going for a walk down a lane and met some cows, what would you do? Turn round and walk in the opposite direction?"

"Yes, Madam."

"And if you met some more cows coming from that direction? Would you do the same thing?"

"Yes, Madam," Moira said blithely.

The sister leaned forward and said, "She's a fine strong girl, Madam. If you saw her naked, you'd be surprised at the size of her."

"I'm sure of it," the Land Army lady said, rather hastily, as though she feared that Moira was going to be stripped for inspection then and there.

It developed that the girl couldn't

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write her own name, and she was sent into the waiting room while the interviewer told the sister kindly but firmly that she couldn't use her.

"Moira's quite definitely—well, simple, isn't she?" she said.

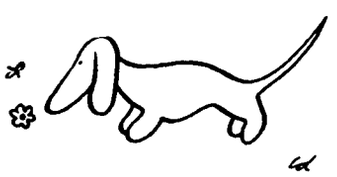
The sister said that she had gone home to Ireland for a holiday a while ago and had brought Moira back with her, hoping to place her in domestic work, and that the girl had lost one job after another. "What am I to do with her, Madam?" the young woman said, looking at us hopelessly. "I can't afford to keep her. When I read about the draft I thought there's the place for Moira. I thought there might be some simple job, like planting potatoes or weeding, where there'd be someone to keep an eye on Moira. She's a fine worker if she's kept at it. Isn't there something she could do?"

"I'm sorry," the interviewer said sympathetically, "but if I took Moira, she'd have to be trained. She'd have to have a uniform. My government doesn't want me to waste money like that on girls who aren't really suitable. Frankly, my dear, Moira isn't suitable for any job that needs intelligence. All you can do is to send her back to Ireland to your people."

Moira was brought in again and told that she wouldn't quite do. "Yes, Madam. Thank you, Madam," she said, shaking our hands beamingly as she departed.

"Poor child. Pathetic, wasn't it?" said the interviewer. "That's the first girl I've seen who hasn't been able to write. I'm glad to say she's not in the least typical."

MEANWHILE, young women were still being led up to the other tables to find out what the government expected of them. I rejoined the officer in charge and found her official serenity being taxed by an anxious mother who didn't like the idea of her daughter being sent away to a munitions factory. The officer had decided that that was where the girl belonged. "If she gets one of her stomach upsets, who's going to look after her?" the mother understandably demanded, rising to go. She was told that competent medical attention was provided for all such workers, and departed, followed by her glum-looking offspring,



"Lookit the hack I won in an argument!"

1. How come I'm driving a town car instead of a taxicab? Well, one night a guy in a top hat and tails hailed my cab. He looks pretty grouchy, and the gal with him is bawling him out something fierce.

2. From the way she's yelling at him, I gather she's his wife, and she's sore because he went to sleep at a party. He knows better than to talk back, and all he says is: "You know I didn't sleep a wink last night!"

3. "Of course you didn't sleep last night!" she yelped. "You drank coffee at dinner. You know that coffee keeps you awake!" This is where I started feeling sorry for the guy. "Lady," I said, "he should drink Sanka Coffee!"

4. "I had to quit coffee myself," I explained. "Caffein in it wouldn't let me sleep. Then I found Sanka Coffee. It's real coffee . . . but it's 97% caffein-free, and *can't keep you awake!*" She just sniffs, but the guy says: "Can you prove that?"

5. I said: "Sure! The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'" The gent says: "Sounds great . . . I'll try it!"

6. A few days later, he hailed me again. Thanked me for telling him about Sanka Coffee, and claimed he's sleeping swell. He said: "My chauffeur quit . . . how'd you like the job?" So here's *me* driving a swell town car . . . at a steady salary!

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who had had little to say about the matter.

Recovering quickly, the officer turned to me cheerfully and said, "There's bound to be a certain amount of trouble from fussy parents. Naturally, it's to be expected that a girl's people are going to be anxious to find out what sort of surroundings she will be in. Then there's anxiety over air raids. This is a fairly safe area, and parents don't like to think of their daughters working in industrial or military areas, which are liable to be bombed heavily. We have to overcome that type of objection, too. Tactfully, of course."

The next girl, a sprightly, smiling one, came alone and confidently said right off that she wanted to make munitions. She was living with her family, her father was getting on in years and—especially in times like these—didn't have much money, and she had been looking for a job, any job. Munitions sounded like exciting work to her. After satisfactorily answering questions about her eyesight and her ability to stand at a bench eight hours a day, she was told that she would be permitted to train locally. "The Technical College runs an eight-week course, after which you'll be sent right away into a factory," the officer said. "You'll be taught the principles of engineering, to operate a lathe, to understand a blueprint, and to read a micrometer to the thousandth part of an inch. Were you any good at mathematics at school? Remember anything about fractions and decimals?" The girl appeared slightly less confident, and replied cautiously, "Well, I might." She was told that she would be allocated to the training centre within a few days and would be paid while learning. "After that, I'll have to leave home, won't I?" she asked eagerly. "Dad and Mum will have kittens." Then she left, looking pleased.

The interviewer explained that a munitions job doesn't involve the robot sort of work that it is popularly supposed to. "A working knowledge of mathematics is a big help," she said, "but almost any quick, practical girl can take the course and be turned out a perfectly competent fitter or bench worker. Mostly the initial training is done at a centre like the Technical College. The majority of girls are used to very different working conditions in peacetime and it wouldn't do to plunge them right away into the noise of a busy workshop where no one would have time to answer questions. The eight weeks gives them a chance to adjust themselves gradually."

THE clerk brought in word that the anteroom was empty and then joined the head officer in checking on how many applicants had been interviewed that day. "Several of the ones we called haven't turned up, the monkeys," the officer said. "Now we'll jog their memories again. The interviews rattled through quicker than we expected, too. We'll also post off some fresh notices this evening and get a new batch of girls in tomorrow. All the girls were very calm and sensible, weren't they? It's my belief that the British like being told exactly what to do." She paused, evidently struck by the memory of some cautious ministerial memorandum. "That is, of course, if they're told in the right way," she said. "You know. Tactfully."

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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HOW DO THEY DO IT?

A Listing of Some Iron Men Who Have Achieved Public Notice by Performing Feats Requiring Special and Almost Superhuman Talents

Locale	Iron Man	Feat
Grand Island, Nebraska	Jacob Eaton	He chewed 150 sticks of gum in one mouthful.
Calexico, California	Herbert Stark	He made 30 parachute jumps from a plane in 10 hours.
Fishersville, Virginia	Jasper Davis	He spat tobacco a distance of 18 feet, beating the previous record in his neighborhood by 6 inches.
Stafford Springs, Connecticut	W. D. Graves	He made entries in a diary daily for 74 years.
Humboldt, Iowa	Charles Sharp	He ate 55 pancakes and drank 33 cups of coffee at one meal.
Moscow	Ivan Soloshenko	He wore a gas mask longer than anybody else in Russia—2,520 hours at a stretch, removing it only at mealtimes.

—W. E. Farbstein

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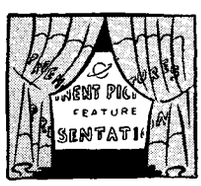
THE CURRENT CINEMA

No News Is Good News

MEMO TO POSTERITY: In the year 1941, the short-wave radio, the transatlantic telephone, and the cable almost instantaneously transmitted to the entire civilized world such news as was not censored at its source. In spite of this, there persisted a peculiar breed of journalistic pretender, the "newsreel commentator." His offerings followed a fairly consistent pattern. First, there would be a closeup of the commentator as he made his introductory remarks, sweating with stage-fright and glaring at a set of notes placed just out of range of the camera. Then the commentator's voice would continue on the sound track, describing a news event at least a week old. His remarks would be illustrated, vaguely, by a succession of elderly newsreel clips. The relation of his words to the illustrative material would be about as follows: "The people of Boston (*picture of the Easter parade along Commonwealth Avenue in 1934*) did not want taxation (*you see a hand thumbing through a tax questionnaire*) without representation (*Congress convening, 1925*) so they took all the tea (*two Powers models with teacups, wearing Lilly Daché hats*) and dumped it in Boston Harbor (*Ambrose Lightship at sunset*)." What the hell, friends, what the hell! End of memo.



Honestly, I don't want to be a sourpuss—all right, then, I *do*—but this thing has gone far enough. For instance, Quentin Reynolds is the voice of a current newsreel called "War in the Desert," all about Wavell, late of the Egyptian army. At one point the screen shows three motorcycle riders in uniform bouncing their way down a sand dune. Reynolds says, "Wavell taught them a new kind of warfare." Now, if the continuity was to fit the picture with even approximate accuracy, Reynolds ought to have said, "He taught his soldiers motorcycle jumping." If he really wanted to tell us about the new kind of warfare, he needed a different set of words and pictures. I still don't know what new kind of warfare he meant. Perhaps this complaint is childish, but you have to be childish in criticizing the current crop of newsreels.

BUT, you ask, what of the new dramatic releases—"Barnacle Bill," "The Parson of Panamint," "The Shepherd of the Hills," "Ringside Maisie," and "Bullets for O'Hara"? I was afraid you would. Well, "Barnacle Bill" has Wallace Beery in it, peering sheepishly through his front hair, scuffing his feet, and saying, "Aw. . . ." A first-rate kiddie picture, all about the Pacific fishing fleet; non-kiddies may suffer a bit. "The Parson of Panamint" is about a parson who reforms a Western boom town and wins a dance-hall lady. Charles Ruggles is in it, also Ellen Drew (very pretty) and Joseph Schildkraut. Pooh, pooh! "Bullets for O'Hara" displays Roger Pryor as a detective to little or no advantage, and seems out of the running for the 1941 Academy Award. "Ringside Maisie" opens with a terribly funny sequence in which the legendary Maisie, temporarily reduced to taxi-dancing, lackadaisically shags with a demoniac jitterbug; after that, it goes into that old routine about the prizefighter who doesn't really like to fight. One short pooh for "Ringside Maisie."

"The Shepherd of the Hills" is corn, but good corn—know what I mean? It has a beautiful cast—Jim Barton, Marjorie Main, Beulah Bondi, Harry Carey, and Betty Field. Hats off to Betty Field for playing all through a high-budget Technicolor production in her bare feet.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

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More and more homeowners are finding out the great benefits in comfortable living which may be had easily and inexpensively by installing new, "dwarf" partitions to change the aspect of the home's interior.

In addition to adding rooms within the home, these waist-high partitions may divide a large, unattractive room into several comfortable, cozy, livable rooms.

—*Urbana (Ohio) Daily Citizen.*

Come to think of it, our guest room *does* need doing over.

•

The legal name of the Methodist Home for the Aged at 400 Main Street has been changed from the Methodist Home of the Aged of the New York District of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, Incorporated, to the Methodist Home for the Aged, of the New York District of the New York East Conference of the Methodist church.

—*Danbury (Conn.) News-Times.*

Probably should have been done long ago.

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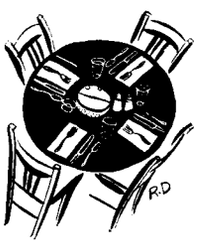
RESTAURANTS

Down the Turnpike

SO far as I'm concerned, this dinner-in-the-country question seems to come up a little later every year. It probably has to do with the wide-eyed way city restaurants have of persuading me that there's no plant like the privet and no more normal habitat for flowers than a window box. Whatever it is, though, the great outdoors won't wait forever and so it happens that I've been loping around the countryside to see what the more or less rustic restaurants are up to this summer. There's not much you can say of one locality that isn't true of the others, so I've tossed a coin and find I'm to deal with Long Island first and take up Connecticut, New Jersey, and the rest of New York next time.



Villa Victor, on the Jericho Turnpike at Syosset (Syosset 1706), is entirely unchanged, which by and large is all to the good. They continue to act here as though you had all day to drink cocktails by the pond and throw bread to the ducks, and I suppose that's as satisfactory a way to relax as any. The ducks are madly coöperative as time-wasters and if their friendliness palls on you, you can always change to one-sided conversations with that disdainful parrot in the bar. Meals still start with crisp bread straight from the oven, and it's worth waiting for. The soft clams *sauté'd* on toast are especially good; you can have them as your main dish at lunch or start with them, if you're dining. In the latter case, don't let your enthusiasm for them make you forget that things like *poulet en cocotte* and guinea hen with wild rice are coming right up. The service might be speedier by a trifle, and some of the waiters, especially in a retreat of this sort, might act as if they liked people more, but perhaps their gruff ways hide gentle hearts. The *caissière*, at least, is blessedly genial and the food is so good that the place is worth the risk, if any.

Dahlstrom's Green Tree Lodge, farther down the turnpike at Huntington (Huntington 1838), sets out to bewilder you in a nice way by more flower arrangements than you ever saw in a greater variety of objects than you ever imagined. By the time you've taken in the decorations, you're in fine shape to face up to some of the fanciest *smörgåsbord* I know—dozens of choices, all garnished like crazy. I always succumb to such oddments, so I never did get along to the solider, sensibler dishes, such as turkey *à la king* Swedish style, boiled smoked tongue with horse-radish sauce, and sturdy Swedish beefsteak with onions. Besides the pancakes with lingonberries, the menu winds up with Danish apple cake and a special pecan pie. Aquavit helps you to leave the place feeling very pleased with yourself.

MORI's, at Manhasset (Manhasset 1842), is so neatly tucked away in the woods on a side road that you have to watch carefully not to miss it. However, there's a medium-sized sign at the corner where you're supposed to turn off 25-A (to your left as you drive toward Roslyn), and the restaurant is only a block from there. You won't find many dishes with grand titles on the hand-inscribed menu, but all the ranking classics are there, beautifully and bountifully prepared. There are a few vegetables, such as creamed fresh spinach or young lima beans, but the chef's heart is obviously in sirloin steaks with cress, broiled half chickens with bacon, and jumbo Maine lobsters with melted butter. To please die-hard gourmets, a couple of items like stuffed squab chicken with *foie gras* are on hand. The desserts are elaborate enough to suit anybody; just whisper profiterolles with thick chocolate, *meringue glacée*, or peach melba and what you whispered will be on your table. The menu offers not only "*coffé a la creme*" but "½ *tasse*" as well, you'll be pleased to hear.

It looks as if Lakeville Manor, on World's Fair Boulevard, near Lakeville Road (Great Neck 2790), is here to stay; it's usually all you can do these summer nights to get a table on the screened porch. The menu is a simplish one—none of the more remarkable extravagances but all the things people crave when eating seems definitely a good idea. It carries on about shrimps Lakeville, lobster Lakeville, and mushrooms Lakeville, and from what I know of chicken Lakeville I'd guess you could order any of them without going wrong. I'm not sure exactly what they did to that chicken, but for one thing there was a wonderful sauce (just enough, too) with cream and brandy or some such in it. Standbys like steak and lamb are suggested in uncomplicated glory, but you can have duck cooked with oranges if you like things dressy. There's Heineken's beer (from Java), if that's the beverage that makes your eye gleam.

FURTHERMORE: The Willow Pond Restaurant, on the Jericho Turnpike at Huntington, is a peaceful place for a drink on your way down the island; you have it outdoors with pebbles underfoot, pine trees overhead, and a pond at your active elbow. The people in charge have a farm and get all their eggs, poultry, and vegetables from it, so a meal ought to be worth chancing even if they do make you eat indoors. . . . Herbert's Sandwich Shop, on Cameron Street in Southampton, is a lifesaver when your staff has been shot to hell by too many house guests. Stay away on hot days, though, if it takes more than an electric fan to pacify you. Home food—liver and bacon, roast duck, chops, fried chicken, and steak—in addition to single and double sandwiches and (whee!) ice-cream sodas. They serve breakfast, too, in case you're making an early start for town. . . . Millie's Inn, on the Montauk Highway beyond Amagansett, isn't quite the "home away from home" it unblushingly calls itself, but it is a perfectly good place to roll up your sleeves and have a go at a lobster, and it stays open later than most of the more stylish places. . . . Mueller's Water Mill Inn, at Centerport, likes to play host to bouncy types of social functions, but the guests are usually disporting themselves indoors, leaving you quite calm in the pavilion by the lake. It's best for real or would-be children, what with rowboats, ducks, swimming, an industrious waterfall, and everything that goes with sauerbraten. . . . The food and the service at the LaGuardia Airport Restaurant are no more remarkable than ever, but when it's dusk on the terrace and airliners roar into and out of the sky, who cares? Certainly not I; probably not you.

—SOUBISE

•

Look at it closely, Mr. Police Commissioner.

A Police Department sign conspicuously declares:

"No parking in this block, 7 A.M. to 7 P.M., except on Sunday."

This picture was taken on a weekday at 9 P.M.

Directly under the sign a car is parked; ahead of it another car is parked—and along the entire block the cars are parked almost bumper to bumper.—*The Journal & American.*

By Rocky Mountain Time, it's an outrage.

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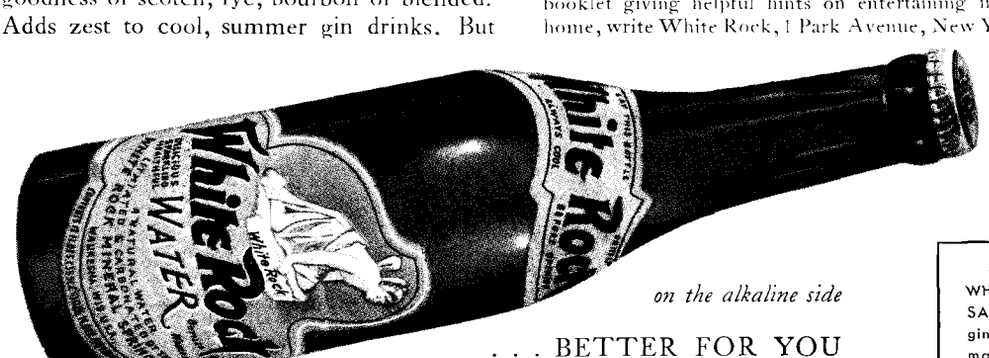

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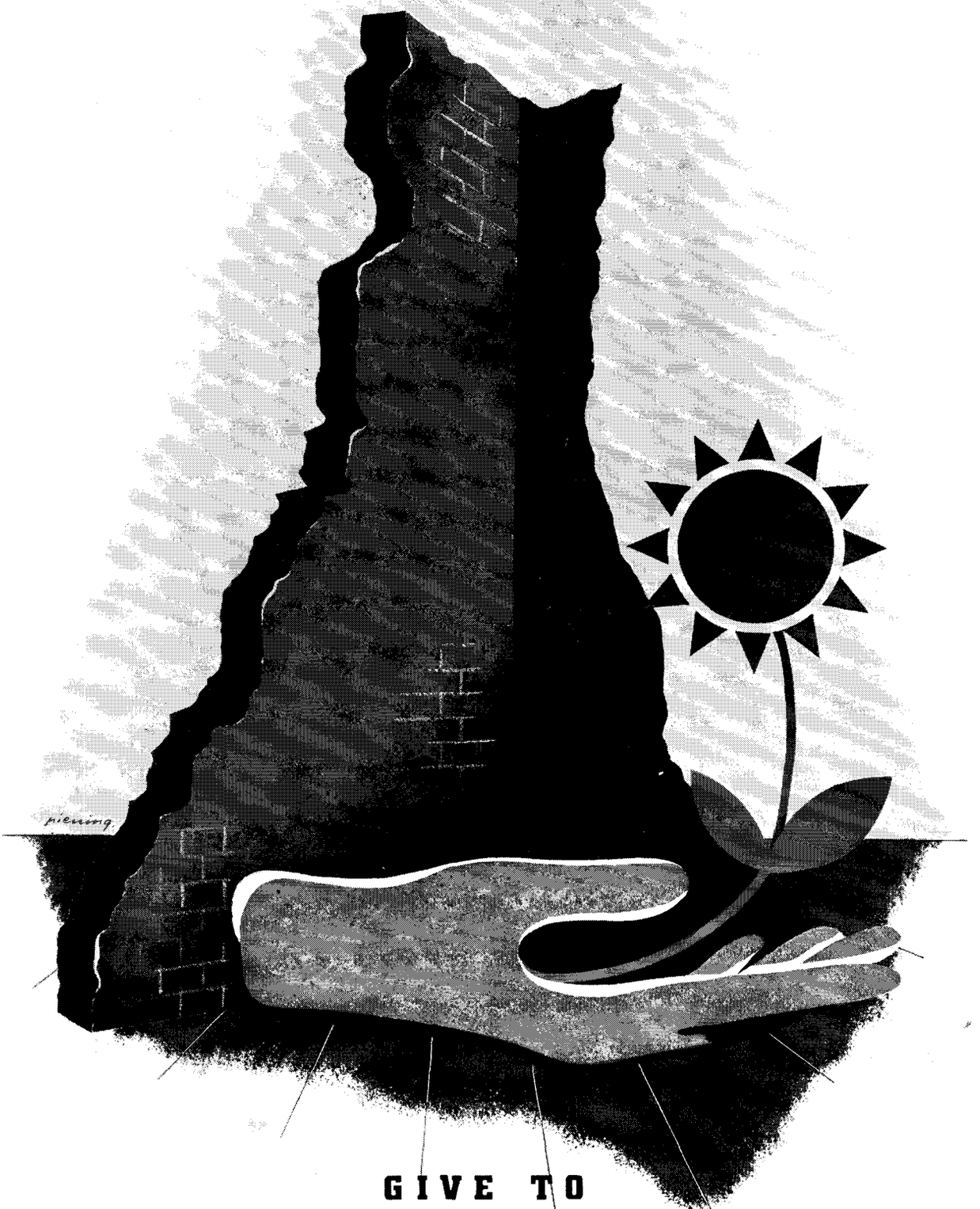

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

SEVERAL years ago, one of Spain's greatest flamenco singers, Pastora Pavón, made a number of recordings for Columbia, which released them separately. They caused a lot of comment at the time, but for one reason or another the singer failed to follow through with more and gradually dropped from sight. Having heard nothing further from her despite the current revival of interest in flamenco music, Columbia has recently put out an album (C-59) of four of the old Pavón records—eight numbers in all—and a singularly exciting collection it is. This isn't music to dance to, unless you are given to clicking your heels, clacking castanets, and executing bull-ring maneuvers, but to listen to it is an experience.

Pastora Pavón's voice is nothing to brag about. It is harsh and hard and, I guess one might say, earthy, yet for all the lady's limitations, she can do vocal somersaults of which a Lily Pons could be proud. There's a reason for the somersaults and for everything else she does, and it doesn't take much listening to come to the conclusion that this eerie, intense, and often snarling singing is pretty artistic at that. One of the pieces, "Saetas," a type of song heard during Holy Week festivities in Spain, is more menacing than prayerful—that's how seriously the gypsies take their religion. In this item the singer is unaccompanied; Nino Ricardo, an excellent guitarist, assists her in the others, which (take a long breath) are called "Peteneras," "Seguidillas," "Solea," "Soleares," "Alegrias," "Seguiriyas," and "Tango Flamenco."

The lighter, and possibly tamer, side of Latin music is represented this trip by a Musicraft album (N-4), which offers eight numbers played by the Hotel Nacional Orchestra of Havana. There is nothing wild or untrammelled about this music, even when, for the concluding chorus of each piece, the musicians go into the *montuno*, which is the not-very-scorching Cuban equivalent of "hot" music. All the numbers are well played, however—two congas, four rumba-guarachas, a bolero, and a rumba.

IF you feel like raking up some old memories, a new album (Columbia C-62) of yesterday's favorites, played by Al Goodman and his orchestra, should help do the trick. No flossy arrangements to bother you here, no complications of any kind; just the music, melodious and sweet, delivered straight. The songs, as you'll realize when you read the titles, are pieces that will be played as long as there are people around who like sentimental music. Here they are: "Moonlight and Roses," "When Day Is Done," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," "Avalon," "At the End of a Perfect Day," "Little Grey Home in the West," and "Roses of Picardy." By the way, whatever became of tea dancing, I wonder.

A CHECK-UP of the latest dance performances brings to light many a worthy job, almost too many to pick and choose from in a limited space. The following, at least, wouldn't have to take a back seat in any company (swing items, as usual, are marked by an asterisk):

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN* and SOFT AS SPRING—Benny Goodman and his orchestra. At first, in "Down, Down, Down," it seems as if the leader's clarinet and Lou McGarrity's trombone were engaged in a dog-fight for top honors, but soon you realize that it's all part of the scheme and that the scheme is a clever one. Helen Forrest and an ensemble do the singing. In "Soft as Spring," the emphasis is on the tune, and Miss Forrest sings alone. (*Columbia 36219*)

GEORGIA ON MY MIND and WHY SHOULDN'T I?—Artie Shaw and his orchestra. The Shaw style, seesawing between swing and sweet, makes it difficult to call either of these one or the other. Fine music-making, though, even if you can't put your finger on it. (*Victor 27499*)

TUNE TOWN SHUFFLE* and YOU LIED TO ME—Count Basie and his orchestra. "Tune Town Shuffle" is swing at its best, imaginative and cleanly played. The Count supplies his usual quota of piano figures and there are other interesting solo bits. Helen Humes sings the words of "You Lied to Me." (*Okeh 6267*)

BAKIFF and THE GIDDYBUG GALLOP*—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. There is something weird and junglelike about "Bakiff," a composition by Juan Tizol, the band's valve-trombonist. "The Giddybug Gallop," on the other hand, is an Ellington arrangement with plenty of solo swing spots. (*Victor 27502*)

DODGERS' FAN DANCE* and LAMENT TO LOVE—Harry James and his orchestra. Mr. James has given Dodger fans a frantic version of the "Dance of the Hours," from Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," to do their dancing to. It's fast, furious, top-notch swing in which title and music haven't a thing in common. "Lament to Love" is a torch ballad. (*Columbia 36222*)

—OFFBEAT

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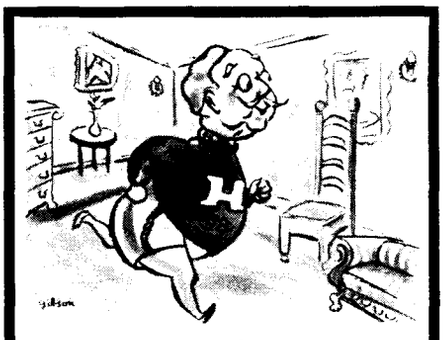

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Bertram Weal, Manager

RUN, SHEEP, RUN

Dave got through work at the drugstore at eight o'clock on Saturday night. He went into the washroom then and changed his clothes. His face in the mirror looked peaked and sharp, and he went over his hair with a wet comb and worried his necktie, trying to make his appearance seem substantial. He was thirty-five, his hair was thin, his face was pale, and he didn't have much to go on. He left the store and started down Sixth Avenue. It was a hot night and the heat had brought the crowds into the streets. The doors of the bars stood open and women were watching from open windows.

His destination was a bookstore in Greenwich Village. It was in a quiet quarter and the lighted windows of the store were the only lighted windows on the street when he reached it. The only person he saw was a bum sleeping in a doorway. The windows of the store displayed rental-library books and printed stationery, and stuck to one pane was a sign that read, "There Will Always Be an England." The old woman who ran the store was standing in the open doorway talking with another woman, a customer. Dave waited in a doorway. "Do come in and see us again," he heard the old woman say. "We've already bought our Christmas cards. It doesn't seem right, does it, buying Christmas cards in this heat? But Miss Howard has already ordered hers. She's one of the teachers at the Dalton School, you know. She came in on Thursday and ordered three hundred." The other woman said goodbye and came down the street. She passed the doorway in which Dave was standing without noticing him. The old woman went into the bookstore.

Her back was to the door and Dave was in soft-soled shoes. She did not realize he had come in until a board in the floor creaked. She turned quickly. Then she smiled and spoke to him. "Oh, good evening. I didn't recognize you for a minute. Let me see now, you wanted me to order that book on astrology for you—wasn't that it? I think it came in. I remember taking the order. If you'll wait just a minute, I'll see if I can find it." She disappeared behind a large bookcase that served as a partition to separate the front of the store from a rat's-nest in the back, where she kept ordered books and a change of shoes and clothing and an electric plate for warming up her meals.

Terror and anticipation had made the place so familiar to Dave that he could calculate his movements to a step. Beside the fireplace there was a littered desk and on the desk a japanned box decorated with a worn gold stripe. He opened the box and took a few bills from one of the compartments inside. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting," she said from behind the bookcase, "but I'm sure the book is here somewhere. My assistant puts things away so that I can't ever find them." The money was in his pocket and he had reached the open door when she asked politely, "Hasn't the heat been frightful? I don't know when I've minded it as much."

He walked slowly past the lighted window of the bookstore and then ran up the first side street he came to and continued to run until he was nearly suffocating. He leaned against a wall to rest, panting like an animal. Guilt made every footstep and every raised voice seem frightening, but he was prepared for that. When he got his breath, he started off again. He went through the crowds on Sheridan Square into the darker and quieter neighborhood near the tenement on Greenwich Street where he lived.

The door to his flat stood open to catch any air that might be passing through the hall. Ramona was in the bedroom. She was lying on the bed in the dark.

"Oh, God, Dave," she cried, "I thought you'd been arrested!" She began to sob and he held her in his arms and kissed her.

"Everything went fine," he said, "just the way I planned it. She's probably still out back there looking for that book I ordered." He went into the bathroom. The small window there faced a brick wall, but he took the precaution of pulling down the shade before he counted the money. "It's eight dollars," he said. "That takes care of everything, with some to spare. She won't miss eight dollars and we need it with what that bastard pays me. Stop crying, honey, and do up your hair. I'm going to put the alarm for six."

Sunday was a clear day. When the alarm woke Dave, he went to the window. The sky was blue and the sun had begun to fire the windows of the

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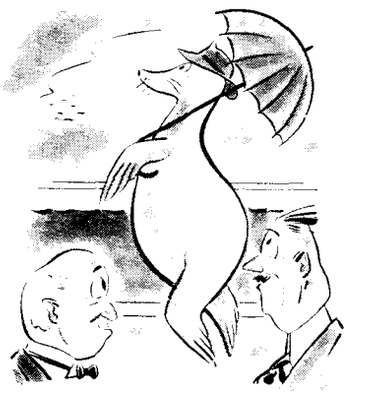
buildings; one after another. He shook Ramona by the shoulders and called her name. "If you do it over the radio," she mumbled in her sleep, "you get a prize." He had to shake her violently before she woke. They dressed and ate breakfast and she made some sandwiches and did them up in paper. When they started for the subway the people on the street still belonged to the night. It was not until they got into Pennsylvania Station that they saw people who seemed to have begun another day. He bought two tickets with some of the stolen money and they boarded the train as soon as the gates were opened. It was an old coach, foul with coal dirt and gas. She fell asleep again. After they had passed over the industrial plain and through the suburbs of Jersey, he woke her and she turned to look out of the window. They had taken the trip before, but the spacious arrangement of the country, the trees and the water, excited them and they passed the time pleasantly.

It was the first train out from the city and there were only a few people and cars at their station to meet passengers. "I feel exactly as though I'd been let out of a penitentiary," a woman exclaimed to the man who was with her. "Smell the refreshing air, dear. Listen to the birds. Oh, this is my natural element."

Ramona and Dave walked past the station down into the main street of the small town. It still looked like early morning. Only the drugstore was open and there were few people on the sidewalk. They went down a short side street and stopped before a building that had been either a stable or a blacksmith's shop. The wide door was padlocked. Dave shook it and then began to pound it with his fist. "We're late already," he said, "and that son of a bitch is still asleep."

A man inside the building called, "I'm coming! I'm coming! Hold your horses!" He came out of a small door at the side. His eyes were bloodshot, his face was red, and the reek of whiskey came from his body and his breath and off the folds of his clothing. "Went to the firemen's fair last night," he explained hoarsely. "Run into some of the boys from the paper mill. Got enough into me to sink a ship. Got so much into me didn't rightly know what I was doing. Let's see. You want them two bikes you had week before last." He wheeled two bicycles out of the barn. The front tire on one was soft. He got a hand pump, but when he stooped over, the pain was more than he could endure and he stood up and put a hand to his forehead. Dave pumped up the tire and gave



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Drop in for that Favorite Cocktail and that "PSYCHIC" reading

him a five-dollar deposit, the last of the money.

They pedalled out of town onto the main road. The bicycles moved quietly over the black top, and the loose carriers and the mudguards sent up a faint rattle. Now and then a car passed like a dervish. There was a steep hill a mile out of town, and from the top of this they had their first view of the Delaware Valley, so broad and so wide that the dark fields at the edge of the horizon still seemed to lie in the shade of that hot night. Ramona took in the view carefully, from left to right, appreciating first the way the trees stood against the soft blue sky and then the colored fields, light and dark and light and dark, like room beyond room. And then the rough red cliffs, through which the river had cut to the crooked bed where it now was.

They went along the main road for a few more miles and then turned off onto a dirt road. They crossed a wooden canal bridge and came into a village, where the only signs of life were some chickens in the road. Dark woods came up to the edge of the village. Entering these, he put his hand on the carrier to stop it from rattling and they moved along stealthily and without talking, as if they were making an escape. He kept his eyes on the side of the road, looking for the opening. When he found it he slowed his bicycle down, balancing with his feet on the road until she caught up with him. A pair of nearly indistinguishable wagon tracks led into the woods. High grass whipped against the wheel spokes. A rusty, barbed-wire fence posted with a no-trespassing sign cut across the lane. They got down off their bicycles and ducked under the fence and wheeled the machines from then on, the path was so overgrown. The woods ended suddenly and they stood in a clearing at the edge of a brook. It was a place they had come on one Sunday when they were wandering aimlessly. They thought of it now as their own.

The sun in the hollow was bright and hot. Dave took off his shirt and rubbed some sunburn lotion into his face and neck. He had the thin arms and stooped shoulders of an old man. His skin was so white that without his clothes on he looked obscene and pitiful. He stretched out in the sun as if his life depended upon its warmth. Ramona took off her blouse and lay down beside him. The light was blinding. They lay first on their backs, then on their stomachs. After an hour they moved into the shade.

Dave had brought a copy of the *News* with him and he divided it with Ramona. They looked out of place, pale and half-dressed, sitting there reading the paper. The trees were full of songbirds, and now and then Ramona would stare at one and call Dave's attention to its coloring. When he had finished reading his section of the paper, he exchanged it for the one she had been reading. In the early afternoon they ate their sandwiches. Ramona put the left-over bread on a rock where she thought the birds might find it. Dave soaked a handkerchief in a brook and tied it around his head. Then he lay down in the shade again and fell into a deep sleep.

THE cool, damp air of the hollow when the sun fell below the trees woke him. Ramona was on the other side of the brook, picking wild flowers and wrapping them in the paper the sandwiches had been wrapped in. They dressed and wheeled their bicycles back up to the road. There was still some sun on the rise of the canal bridge, and they waited there until the warm light had gone. At the town limits a barking dog chased them for half a block. They returned their bicycles and got two dollars back from the five-dollar deposit. Then they walked down to the station.

It was ten minutes before traintime and there were a good many people waiting on the platform. Some of them carried flowers wrapped in newspapers and one man had a peanut-butter bucket full of blueberries. They were too tired to make the effort of talking and they sat there like a lost people, as nondescript in dress as refugees.

"I wonder where we'll get the money next time," Ramona asked when she heard the train whistle.

"Don't you worry, honey," Dave said. "We'll get it."

They walked to the far end of the platform, where fewer people were waiting and where they thought they might have a better chance of finding a seat when the train stopped on its way back, down, into the city. —JOHN CHEEVER

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COLUMBIA, June 18.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Miller, 234 North Second street, today observed their forty-fifth wedding anniversary. They were married June 18, 1896, at the Mountville United Brethren Church parsonage by the Rev. Mr. Schaeffer. Mrs. Miller was Miss Bettie Shade. Mr. Miller is a man and will soon retire.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Evening News.*

It takes guts, all right.

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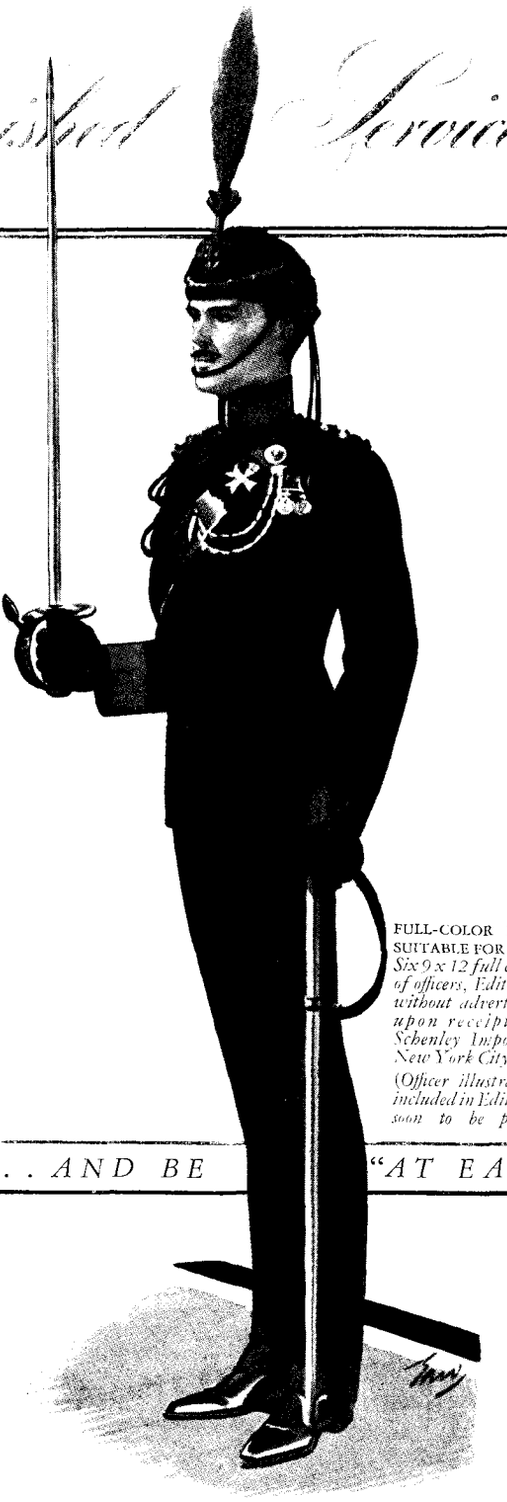

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